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EDITORIAL

HEARST CASE IS NOT SO DIFFERENT

Two weeks ago, William Randolph Hearst, Jr. broke what he described as his self-imposed silence on the case of Patricia Hearst. In an editorial that appeared on the front pages of Hearst papers across the country, the publisher appealed to President Carter for the pardon of his niece, the convicted bank robber.

Although this was publisher Hearst's first editorial salvo, the campaign for a pardon has been underway for a while. The editorial recited the names of some of those who have enlisted: William F. Buckley, Cesar Chavez, Ronald Reagan, Senator Hayakawa, former San Francisco Mayor Alioto, California Lieutenant Governor Dymally and the FBI agent who headed the search for Ms. Hearst.

These advocates of Patricia Hearst's release have a strong argument. As the editorial said, she "was torn from her apartment and brutally terrorized and violated during endless weeks of confinement in a coffin-like closet." Were it not for the sequence of events set in motion by her kidnapping and mistreatment, she would never have robbed that bank several months later. Ms. Hearst did not succeed in exculpating herself by demonstrating to the courts that she had been under duress when she robbed the bank. Even so, the participants in the campaign assert that she deserves to go free because her crime was a product of terrible things that happened to her and that were beyond her control.

Hearst's editorial contrasted the punishment imposed on his niece with what he apparently regards as the tender treatment the courts provide ordinary crimi-

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THE GUATEMALA PAPERS

HOW DULLES WORKED THE COUP d'ETAT

STEPHEN SCHLESINGER

Almost exactly twenty-five years ago a right-wing exile named Col. Castillo Armas overthrew the Guatemalan Government then headed by leftist President Jacobo Arbenz. Most Americans, and many Latin Americans, have always regarded the coup as a native invasion aided by U.S. operatives from the CIA. Except for some revelations in the early 1960s that President Eisenhower had himself ordered extra fighter planes sent to Castillo Armas to bolster the faltering military expedition, no one ever saw either the White House or the State Department as major actors in the Guatemalan drama.

Now, documents released to me in June under the Freedom of Information Act (more than 1,000 pages of telegrams, memo papers and research studies, all prepared by officials of the State Department in the period of 1953 and 1954) show that, far from being simply an exile operation, the *Putsch* was conceived of and run at the highest levels of the American Government in closest cahoots with the United Fruit Company and under the overall direction of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, backed by President Eisenhower.

What strikes an observer immediately about the Guatemalan affair is how history has over the years practically abandoned it. No book has ever explored it; no Senate committee has ever investigated it. The flood of CIA confessions of recent vintage have all relegated the demise of President Arbenz to a minor footnote on early CIA pathology.

Yet the new material demonstrates that

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LETTERS.

HOARY TRADITION

Englewood, N.J.

In your issue of September 30 . . . the leaked minutes of Cabinet meetings . . . were made the subject of ponderous sarcasms by four writers. The focus of the criticism was on the interest . . . [in] the media, and on the lack of lengthy discussion of the most urgent problems of the administration. Why shouldn't media opinion be of interest to these people? . . . The media are the most important factors in shaping public opinion, which in its turn affects vitally the chances for success of any policy.

As for the lack of serious discussion (or even decision making), may I say to the distinguished journalist, novelist, scholar and movie director whose comments were elicited: no serious discussion or decision making is at all likely to happen at such a general meeting. These occur tete-a-tete. As a senior executive of a vast, well-run company for many years, I can assure them of that. . . .

Such general meetings do possess some virtues. One gains useful general knowledge—when and where Young or Califano are making trips . . . what changes in Cabinet procedure are being put into effect. Carter praises Cabinet members' appearances on TV—a gesture of approval no doubt pleasing to the recipients, and calculated to stimulate more such appearances. For above all, at such meetings executives get the sense of what the Boss knows and wants.

Vonnegut and Ophuls may be excused their pieces on the ground of ignorance. But that long-time observers of the Washington scene like Sherrill and Raskin should have been misled into making an appraisal of the effectiveness of the administration from (no doubt carefully edited) minutes of a year's Cabinet meetings is indeed astonishing. *John R. Woods*

PREVAILING INTEREST

Middlebury, Vt.

Tillie Olsen's *Tell Me a Riddle* was published in 1961, not 1969, as Joan Peters states in her review of Olsen's *Silences* [*The Nation*, Sept. 23]. Her essay, "Silences: When Writers Don't Write," was first published in *Harper's* in 1965, not 1969, as Peters implies. These errors are crucial, for in placing Olsen at the center of the growing feminist movement nearly a decade later, Peters changes what is, in fact, the case. In 1961, Olsen was as well known as John Hawkes, Paul Metcalf or Grace Paley; that is, known to those truly interested in our writing. I heard about them and knew their work from friends, not journals. Peters's view of Olsen substantiates a point *Silences* makes: that prevailing interest, not achievement, is the measure of the writer at any time, and that this often adversely affects the living writer (both Olsen and Ann Douglas demonstrate tellingly the effect of public expectations upon Melville; and Olsen ascribes the interest in Rebecca Harding Davis's *Life in the Iron Mills* as much to the phenomenon of Davis—a presumed naif, unschooled, writing about things women were not expected to know—as to the novel).

Robert Buckeye

New York City

I appreciate Robert Buckeye's correction on the date of publication of *Tell Me a Riddle*, but the error in no way obviates my point that Olsen was at the center of a growing feminist movement. Mr. Buckeye points out that in 1961, Olsen was as well known as "John Hawkes, Paul Metcalf or Grace Paley; that is, known to those truly interested in our writing." I do know that Olsen was much appreciated before the women's movement (although I do not know what "our writing" refers to). In fact, I tried to say that it was rare for an established fiction writer to acknowledge the feminist position, which is why Olsen was so important to the movement. Women appreciated her both for her achievement in fiction and for the position she took once that achievement was recognized. Olsen had long been political and had become feminist as the movement came into being. This is relevant because *Silences* is a political analysis of the position of the writer. I am as ardent an admirer of Olsen's fiction as Mr. Buckeye is. I really do not understand the nature of his objections. *Joan K. Peters*

GENTLE PRESSURE

Woodside, N.Y.

Having read your editorial ["Andrew Young Is Right," *The Nation*, Aug. 5-12], it occurred to me that a news item in *The New York Times* of May 8 would certainly lend support to the point I believe Mr. Young was making—that violations of human rights are not confined to any particular part of the world.

Rep. Donald Fraser (D., Minn.) recently offered an amendment to "prohibit the export of thumbscrews, leg irons, shackles and electric shock batons to governments that engage in gross violations of human rights."

A shocking disclosure because it indicates that our country has at least contemplated traffic in instruments of torture. And puzzling because it says that we make a distinction between countries which commit gross violations and those more kindly in their approach, whose torturers presumably are less enthusiastic and whose violations therefore fall into the category of "ungross" and entitle them to acquire our knickknacks of persuasion.

One wonders on what basis this distinction is made. Do the gross violators perhaps make one or two extra turns of the screw, while the "ungross" proceed one thumb at a time and with half-turns? Does one violator apply a minimum of pressure with the iron boot and the other turn it down an excruciating size or two?

It may be true that it is impossible to be just a little pregnant, but apparently someone has found the secret to being slightly cruel and mildly brutal. . . . *Charles O'Boyle*

DOES AMTRAK CARE?

Canberra, Australia

Patrick J. McCaffrey's editorial, "Amtrak's Hard Road" [*The Nation*, Sept. 9], is noteworthy for what it does not say. Except for a brief comment on the quality of Amtrak's equipment, McCaffrey makes no mention of the quality of service currently offered. I recently traveled some 4,000 miles with Amtrak as a (prepaid) first-class passenger and my impression is that most of Amtrak's staff are totally indifferent to the welfare of their passengers.

If Amtrak is to improve its share of the transport market by luring people out of their cars either there will have to be a substantial increase in the cost of automobile travel or the standard of service offered by Amtrak must improve. . . .

The argument that an improvement in the service offered to passengers can only be provided through continued and increased subsidies is likely to, and probably should, fall on deaf Congressional ears. Although Amtrak's service will be enhanced with further improvements to its tracks and rolling stock, a far more significant improvement will occur if and when Amtrak employees can be motivated to take a genuine interest in the welfare of their passengers. . . . *J.R. Hart*

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EDITORIALS.

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nals. Taking a slap at the requirement that suspects be advised of their right to counsel, the editorial complained that, "As a result of this dedication to protecting the rights of criminals, dozens of self-confessed killers now walk our streets as free men and women. They have been released by the courts because their confessions were obtained under circumstances less than immaculate." Such scorn for the rights of suspects is, of course, in character for Hearst editorials and for such advocates of Patricia Hearst's release as Messrs. Buckley, Reagan and Hayakawa. One wonders, therefore, how these champions would react if the courts were to apply to all criminals the principle they assert on behalf of Patricia Hearst: that criminals should go free if their crimes are outgrowths of brutal mistreatment suffered by them at some earlier time.

Terrible as the suffering of Patricia Hearst was at the hands of the Symbionese Liberation Army, it was no greater than what had been experienced by many of the half million Americans now confined in jails and prisons. The only significant difference is that Patricia Hearst's mistreatment was concentrated in a period of a few weeks. Other prisoners were mistreated from infancy; their life stories would be chronicles of child abuse, broken homes, deprivation and physical brutality. Knowing this, would publisher Hearst pardon them?

Perhaps the advocates of Patricia Hearst's release will assert that the proximity between her brutalization at the hands of the SLA and her gun-toting assault on the Hibernia Bank makes a pardon appropriate. Here, too, many other prisoners could make similar claims. Patricia Hearst was brutally terrorized and violated repeatedly. Homosexual gang rape is endemic in our jails and prisons. True, the violations regularly endured by prisoners take place when they are confined by the state and not by the SLA, but that distinction makes little difference to the victims. As we all know, many crimes are committed by prisoners recently released from confinement. Even if pardons should be extended only to those whose mistreatment almost exactly parallels what happened to Patricia Hearst, a lot of criminals would go free.

Aryeh Neier, a member of The Nation's *editorial board, is visiting professor of law at New York University.*

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Those of us who believe that it is urgent to maintain the idea that individuals are responsible for their own acts, regardless of the suffering they have previously endured, will not be persuaded by the arguments advanced for pardoning Patricia Hearst. But we may be entitled to express the hope, albeit diffidently, that publisher Hearst and his associates in this campaign will be less derisive in the future when someone tries to explain crime by pointing out its roots in misery and degradation. Better still, perhaps we could persuade them to enlist in a different campaign. With the example of Patricia Hearst's frailty and susceptibility to evil influence before them, they might join a campaign for more humane treatment of all those accused and convicted of crime. That does not absolve criminals of guilt, but it should make us treat them more decently, once we have decided that they must be punished.

ARYEH NEIER

Midterm Sweepstakes

The 1978 elections will not tell us much about the American mood. Nor will they measure President Carter's performance and popularity. And they will not return a verdict on the peculiar record of the 95th Congress.

This inconclusive result of the midterm balloting is guaranteed by the quite extraordinary irrelevance of the campaigning now nearing its issueless climax. The chat from the televised stump is all about such things as the death penalty, abortion, the Panama Canal—and, over and over, taxes and how they should be cut (without reducing government services, of course). No wonder the forecast is for a light turnout at the polls.

There was a time in living memory when you could tell a Democrat from a Republican without a scorecard. Now all but a handful from both groupings ("party" is too precise a word) have sought and found the comfortable middle ground. They compete only in the slickness or stridency of their support for what they imagine to be the values of the middle class, the only class that matters to them. The poor don't vote.

The cartoonists during the dying days of the 95th Congress were drawing pigs wallowing in troughs. The inspiration for the porcine theme was the Congressional rally around the pork barrel of "public works," with a price tag this year of $10 billion, to which Carter gave a veto that was sustained.

Congress's real hoggishness showed up in the tax legislation—no "reform" and plenty of new breaks for the able-to-pay, corporate and individual. "This was the year of the haves, not the have-nots," wrote the conservative *Christian Science Monitor*, while *U.S. News & World Report* acknowledged that "never before have business and investment been so favored at tax-cutting time." It will "trickle down," as they used to say in the 1920s before the Crash and the 25% unemployment of the depression.

So what will happen, given this record, in the passionless, partyless election of 1978? The machinery of incumbency will work again. House Republican leader John Rhodes predicts "massive" gains for his group (but declines to define that term). GOP Chairman Brock says happiness for him would be fifteen or twenty more House seats (raising his minority from, say, 34% to 38%). Democratic Chairman John White knocks on wood a bit too obviously and says contentment for him would be a loss of less than forty in the House.

Statistically, the candidates who *sotto voce* call themselves Republicans should win some governorships, since twenty-six of the thirty-six State Houses at stake this year are held by people who occasionally admit to being Democrats. Most candidates are running from "inside" something, even politics, given that J.E. Carter's first twenty months in the White House have not burnished the glamour of an "outsider." The early-morning-line sheets predict a slight Democratic loss in Congress.

Distressingly, the terms of the dialogue of the political year 1978 have been set by the Right. The electoral Left, such as it is, is mute and programless. The unhomogenized Right does not directly win many elections but it permeates the political process, buying candidates in both Democratic and Republican markets, party identification being a mere detail in the politics of "governing coalitions," to use Alan Wolfe's phrase ("The Looming One-Party System," June 19, 1976). Imagine what $20 billion pared from the defense budget and applied to the social needs of this country might get done—think about it because the candidates never do.

It should not be said that it does not matter which candidates or party we vote for in this election; choices still have importance in many cases. But, with a few exceptions, the real issues are not being discussed, let alone faced, in 1978, and no attention is paid to how this society might be brought to a state of justice. That issue in all its complexity should be the first item on the agenda of the Left for 1980.

Aggiornamento

By electing a Polish cardinal as Pope, the Sacred College has shown a stunning comprehension of the modern world; by choosing the name of John Paul II, Cardinal Karol Wojtyla has shown that the policies of Vatican Council II are irreversible. In a drama upstaging *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, the actors of the Conclave have brought to a decisive climax the process of *aggiornamento* (bringing the Church abreast of contemporary realities) initiated by the encyclical *Pacem in Terris* of Pope John XXIII, confirmed by Paul VI in his *Populorum Progressio* and institutionalized in the final document of Vatican II, *Gaudium et Spes*.

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amok. But, drawing on more than 1,000 documents released to him under the Freedom of Information Act, Mr. Schlesinger demonstrates that the *Putsch* of Guatemalan President Jacobo Arbenz was conceived and run at the highest levels of the American Government, under the overall direction of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, in close collaboration with the United Fruit Company.

How Schlesinger got onto his story is a story in itself—one worth telling at a time when so many talk about investigative journalism but so few do anything about it. Guatemala had long been of interest to Schlesinger, whose mother wrote a children's book about that country. His plans to visit there a couple of years ago were disrupted by the earthquake, but his curiosity was piqued by constant oblique references in books about the CIA and/or our secret overseas operations, to "the CIA-backed coup" in Guatemala.

"So last fall I went to the library and took out all the books on Guatemala that referred to the coup, and it turned out that not a single book was written by an American—all were by former members of the Arbenz government. I realized that for all the attention paid to the CIA and government improprieties, no one had ever really looked into what happened in Guatemala. Yet it was this coup that gave the CIA its swaggering sense that it could overthrow any government it wanted to."

Last September he applied to the State Department under the provisions of FOIA and two months later State's Freedom of Information Office phoned him to say they had uncovered more than 1,000 documents which they would release the following month. It was six months before Schlesinger pried the documents loose, but finally, in June of this year, he paid a $150 Xerox fee and received the incriminating evidence.

Later, he applied to the CIA and the Air Force for additional documents. Together, they have requested search fees amounting to $4,000, which he has declined to pay. With the assistance of the ACLU he is now challenging the proposed search fee, arguing that the FOIA statute provides for waiver when "the information can be considered as primarily benefiting the public interest."

Mr. Schlesinger and Stephen Kinzer are working on a book about the coup which they expect to complete next year and which we are more than confident will benefit the public interest.

ARTICLES.

NORTHERN IRELAND SINCE '68

Bloodshed and the 'Bobby' Myth

JACK HOLLAND

Ten years ago it became obvious to the British Government that something would have to be done about Northern Ireland. In 1968 a civil rights campaign, demanding an end to discrimination in housing allocation and job opportunities against Northern Ireland's Catholic minority, forced the Labour government to turn its attention to that North East corner of Ireland, still nominally ruled by the British. Nominally, because, though Westminster was the sovereign Parliament, Northern Ireland had had its own government, based at Stormont, near Belfast, for nearly fifty years. And for fifty years Stormont had been ruled by one party—the Protestant Unionist Party.

After 1968 Stormont was suspended, and the British are now more deeply than ever involved in running the state. During the decade several theories have been advanced to explain what the British have been doing in Northern Ireland, and why. The one most generally accepted—especially in America—is that Britain has been acting as policeman, impartially keeping the two warring tribes of Catholics and Protestants apart. If this "Bobby" theory had been examined with the attention it warrants, it would long since have been exposed as a myth.

It pretends that during these years of violence the IRA and the various Protestant paramilitary groups have been engaged in a continuing series of sectarian killings and counter-killings, while the British Army, the Bobby, has stood somewhere in the middle and tried to prevent an outright civil war. That view, at best only half true, has obscured the role played by British Governments, with their military and administrative apparatuses, since 1968.

Conveniently, it does not recognize that two different, if occasionally overlapping, conflicts have been going on there. One of them is indeed sectarian, but it has usually been one-sided and carried out by Protestant terror gangs against ordinary Catholics. The other, the campaign of the Provisional IRA, though it has often resulted in terrible civilian casualties, has been directed primarily against the army and police, and so-called "economic" targets. The British have shown themselves much more selective in dealing with both campaigns of violence than the "Bobby" myth would lead one to expect.

The past ten years can be divided into three periods—1968-70; 1970-74; and 1974 to date—each period punctuated by changes of government in London: Labour to Conservative in 1970; and Conservative back to Labour in 1974. With each change, British political and military tactics changed in ways that reflected some of the ideological differences of the two political parties. Yet the true role of the British was unchanged: that of defender of the state of Northern Ireland.

Jack Holland, a Belfast poet and journalist, is working as a free-lance writer in New York City.

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Of course, every myth has some basis in reality. That of the British Bobby in Northern Ireland arose from the circumstance which forced the Labour government, led by Harold Wilson, to send its army into the streets of Belfast and Derry in August 1969. During the previous year the Catholic civil rights campaign, whose goals Wilson's government tacitly supported, had pressed the Unionists at Stormont to introduce the needed reforms. Elements of the Unionist Party resisted, however, and in the streets right-wing Protestants, fired by the rhetoric of the Rev. Ian Paisley, organized counter-demonstrations to those of the civil rights marchers.

By August 1969, these confrontations had degenerated into widespread sectarian rioting. Protestants, carrying clubs, hatchets and torches, burnt Catholic homes in areas where the different ghettos abutted. The police force, the Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC), 90% Protestant and never really accepted by the Catholics, lost control of the situation.

At that point British troops arrived and took up positions between Catholic and Protestant ghettos. Without a doubt many Catholic lives were thus saved. But though Wilson's government undoubtedly wanted to prevent further bloodshed, that was incidental to its main purpose, which was to save the state from crumbling into sectarian chaos.

During the fall of 1969 the Labour government acted with some vigor against the Protestant extremists, who were armed but not yet well organized. It disarmed the RUC—until then the only police force in the British Isles to carry firearms; it abolished the "B"-Specials, the RUC's paramilitary wing, an exclusively Protestant and part-time force that had long been the source of much sectarian tension in the community. It is arguable that, if Labour had won the 1970 general election, the violence of the succeeding years might have been largely avoided. However, the Conservatives won, and Labour's policy of trying to placate the Catholics, while neutralizing the threat from the Protestant Right, was reversed. Before long the British Bobby had well and truly entered the realm of mythology.

Because of their imperialist politics and close relationship with the Protestant Unionists, the Conservatives approached the Northern Ireland crisis as if it had been caused by a conspiracy of subversives, Communists and IRA gunmen. Undoubtedly, all these elements were present in the Catholic ghettos, but none was powerful or influential enough to have directed the sectarian violence of the previous year. That fact was admitted by an official inquiry set up by the Labour government to look into the causes of the 1969 riots.

But the findings of the inquiry made little difference to the Conservatives or their Unionist colleagues in Stormont. For the next few years they acted on the assumption that the Catholics were the real threat, and directed their military machine against that section of the population.

Within weeks after the Conservatives took office, the British Army experienced its first serious confrontation with working-class Catholics of Belfast. During large-scale arms raids on the Falls Road ghetto six civilians were killed by army gunfire as the soldiers' house-to-house searches were violently resisted. The British made a moderate haul, but the overall political result was to swing many Catholics behind the Provisionals, who now quickly prepared for a showdown with the British.

At the same time that the IRA was getting ready for guerrilla war, the extremist Protestants were organizing and arming. However, when the Conservatives and Unionists responded to the IRA campaign by interning more than 300 Catholics in August 1971, they did not touch any Protestants. The British argue that this was not discrimination, that at the time the Protestants were simply no threat to security. Yet within a month after internment was instituted, Protestant terrorists launched a bombing campaign against Catholic bars. In December 1971, they killed fifteen Catholics in one incident.

DRAWINGS BY SEYMOUR CHWAST

Bloody Sunday followed in January 1972, when thirteen Catholic civil rights marchers were gunned down by British paratroopers. None was in the IRA. Less well known than this incident, but of great importance for understanding the role being played by the British, was their response to the rise of widespread sectarian terrorism in 1972. Since the British Bobby theory implies that sectarian violence is the real problem in Northern Ireland, it is crucial to examine how the British coped with it when it did occur on a scale serious enough to push the state into a Lebanon type of civil war.

It is immediately apparent from the statistics of

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assassinations in 1972 that they do not fit the theory of "tit-for-tat" war between Catholic and Protestant gangs. Between February and December 1972, eighty-one Catholics were murdered by Protestant paramilitaries, mainly by the Ulster Defence Association, largest of the Protestant groups. In the same period, forty Protestants were assassinated, more than half of whom died at the hands of fellow Protestants. Despite this disproportion, 524 Catholics were interned during this period, but no Protestants. These figures do not include the many thousands of Catholics who were forced from their homes by widespread campaigns of intimidation, or the hundreds injured in sectarian bombings and shootings. Yet the British did not intervene against the UDA, even though they had identified its leaders. Many reasons have been given for the failure to stop these attacks, but even the most convincing—which are military and tactical, and allege that the British did not want to open a second front against Protestant terrorists—make nonsense of the claim that the British were acting as impartial policemen. In fact, such reasons presuppose that the British were there, primarily, as defenders of the state of Northern Ireland. When the Conservatives thought that its survival depended on the eradication of the IRA, they concentrated on that goal, even to the extent of ignoring the serious threat to the lives of a large section of the population, and allowed the UDA to do its worst.

When they were forced to introduce internment against Protestants, in February 1973, the British picked up two suspected gunmen from East Belfast. From then until December 1975, when a new Labour government ended internment, the military interned ninety-one Protestants and 1,965 Catholics. During this period the UDA and other Protestant groups continued their terrorism. The British have never outlawed the UDA; it runs an open headquarters in Belfast.

The Conservatives suspended Stormont in March 1972. A year later they followed this up with an attempt to win support away from the IRA by sponsoring a coalition government that for the first time in the history of the state would give Catholics some political voice. This power-sharing plan, the only serious political initiative of the period, collapsed in May 1974, when Protestant resistance forced the first—and last—coalition government to its knees after only five months in office.

By then Labour was again in office, and soon tried a new approach to the intractable crisis. The strategy was to "Ulsterize" the conflict. For ideological reasons, as well as tactical, Labour did not want to seem to be engaged in anything resembling a "colonial" struggle. A secret truce was negotiated between the army and the IRA, in return for which the British began to let up on internment; they also legalized Sinn Fein, the IRA's political wing. The RUC, which had not taken part in the truce arrangements, was reorganized to make it more efficient as an anti-terrorist force. Labour planned that the police would eventually assume responsibility for security, and that the army could then be withdrawn. The logic was shrewd: since the IRA was no longer fighting the British Army, it could no longer claim to be fighting a "war of liberation."

In addition to undercutting the political base for the IRA's campaign, Labour tried to refurbish the British Bobby myth by pointing the RUC at the Protestant terrorists. By the end of 1976 the police had cracked the Ulster Volunteer Force (UVF) which, after the UDA, was the most violent of the Protestant groups. However, the UDA remained intact and it killed more Catholics in 1975-76 than in any similar period since its formation.

The RUC's credibility was greatly enhanced, but by 1977 Labour's policy began to backfire, and once more the myth of the neutral British Bobby was exposed for what it was. Britain, in its eagerness to prove that they could handle the paramilitaries—and particularly the IRA—allowed the police great latitude in their treatment of prisoners, most of whom were Catholic. At the same time, the Northern Ireland nonjury courts, set up under a British initiative in 1973, were handing down convictions on the basis of confessions. In 1976, of 1,200 people brought before the courts in Belfast, 900 were convicted—something of a record for any judicial system. Of those convictions, 80% were based on confessions made to the police. Mounting allegations of police brutality were casting doubt on the circumstances under which such confessions were obtained.

It seemed, then, that the Bobby was as biased as ever. This was confirmed by a statement from Roy Mason, Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, in June 1977. Mentioning Protestant terrorism only in passing, he concentrated, as successive British Governments have done since 1970, on the IRA. Its members were, he stated, "the principal enemies of society." It is this attitude that has allowed the UDA to survive and conduct a largely successful campaign of intimidation and murder, unique in postwar Europe. That it can do so in a small area, with a population of 1.5 million, patrolled by more than 30,000 full-time and part-time soldiers and policemen, casts serious doubt on the determination of the British Government to deal with violence from that quarter.

And this attitude has allowed the IRA to continue to attract a certain amount of support, moral and physical, from a Catholic community that still feels it is victimized and discriminated against by British security policy. The long-standing Catholic grievances as to jobs and housing have been replaced by current, and more serious, anxieties over the successes of the sectarian assassin, the brutality of the police and the bias of the courts.

Labour's recent policies, which are really a search for a military solution in a more subtle form, do not contain any political initiative, nor come to grips with the basic issues in the Northern Ireland crisis—one of which is the very presence of the British. With

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an important election coming up, one that Labour might well lose, it is unlikely that any such initiative will be attempted in the near future. But while that political vacuum persists, the people of Northern Ireland will continue to suffer through the cycle of army and police repression, IRA resistance and Protestant terrorist reaction that to date has claimed nearly 2,000 lives. □

CONGRESSIONAL TRESPASS

The Legislative Veto Is Bad Law

MARK GREEN and FRANCES ZWENIG

With the federal bureaucracy about as popular as Asian flu, the idea of the "legislative veto"—whereby Congress can overrule selected agency decisions—is proving nearly irresistible to most U.S. Representatives. The House has repeatedly supported legislative veto provisions by margins of 2 to 1—or the same ratio by which the Senate has *rejected* them. And since President Carter has denounced the practice as an "infringement on the executive's constitutional duty to faithfully execute the laws," the stage seems set for a major intra- and inter-branch showdown.

The legislative veto allows the Congress or some part of it—one house or even one committee, depending on how the veto clause is worded in the bill under consideration—to block an executive or agency action within a specified time period, usually sixty or ninety working days. Not cast as a statute, the veto needs neither the signature of the President nor, if it is a "one house veto," the concurrence of the other chamber. Such a provision appears 295 times in 195 pieces of legislation now on the books and covering such matters as Federal Election Commission regulations, international arms sales, Office of Education rule making and most executive reorganizations.

The impulse behind the legislative veto movement is understandable and its rhetoric fetching. As Presidents appropriated powers from acquiescent Congresses, and as administrators increasingly allocated billions in benefits and costs, Congress became less a branch than a twig of government. And members often bear the brunt of constituent complaints about an unresponsive and allegedly unfeeling bureaucracy. So legislators are drawn to the legislative veto as a way to maintain continuing control over statutes and bureaucrats. "Who makes the laws of this country," asks Rep. Elliott Levitas, "the elected representatives of the people or the unelected bureaucrats?" It is understandable, but also unworkable and probably unconstitutional. As with so many simple solutions, the legislative veto loses its appeal the closer one examines it.

The Burden of Congressional Review. Members of Congress—a record number of whom are voluntarily retiring—already complain of their workload, of the trivia that burden their desks. Congress digests 8,000 bills a year and the average member casts about 700 votes annually. To load onto this structure the responsibility to review tens of thousands of agency decisions seems both cruel and unworkable. Does this "anti-bureaucracy" Congress really want to establish itself as a super-regulatory body, involved in day-to-day agency decisions? (Congressional review would then follow agency review and precede possible court review; proponents may next clamor to review systematically not only agency decisions but judicial decisions as well, since the principle of review and the rhetoric about "unelected bureaucrats affecting our lives" is surely the same.)

It took the Food and Drug Administration seven years and a hearing record of 24,000 pages to decide that peanut butter should be made of at least 87%, not 90%, peanuts; a Library of Congress study found that in one typical month, February 1976, nine agencies within the jurisdiction of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee issued 149 rules or proposed rules. Could Congress review such complex proceedings and still perform its primary constitutional job of passing laws? Does it want to assume political responsibility for all the rules it *doesn't* veto and which turn out to be unpopular?

The Politics of Congressional Review. The legislative veto would turn a chamber of Congress, or the relevant committee, into a kind of political court of last resort. Wealthy, well-organized and experienced special interests would have the resources and motivation to lobby massively against an unfavorable ruling. But nonwealthy, unorganized, individual citizens affected by that rule could not comparably make their case. Often, an affected industry would need to do no more than persuade a key subcommittee chairman or panel—to whom it perhaps gives money in what are euphemistically called "campaign contributions"—who in turn could tilt a full committee and chamber. With corporate "political action committees" proliferating and dollars in the tens of millions at stake over specific rulings—as, for example, when the FTC rules that optometrists can't prohibit price advertising, HEW promotes the use of generic name drugs, OSHA issues strict brown-lung standards—one would expect optometrists, drug houses and textile companies to pour millions into last-ditch lobbying campaigns. "Rather than increasing Congressional control," says Rep. Robert Eckhardt, "this legislation will simply provide more business for the high-priced Washington lobbyist."

Representative Levitas answers this criticism

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with, "I think it is naive to say that federal agencies are not now 'politicized.' Rule making involves legislative decisions, and most legislative decisions are political." But surely that is too facile a comparison: politics can of course creep into agency judgments when ex parte and conflict-of-interest rules fail, or when the appointment process doesn't screen out rigid ideologues. This, though, is small potatoes when compared to a system of pure politics that presumes secret meetings and the exchange of money between interested parties and Congressional "judges."

The Effect on the Agency Process. Congressional veto plans promise to plant several land mines in the path of effective agency decision making.

Adding two or three months (the sixty- or ninety-day provisions) to the final promulgation of *all* rules, while only a few are legislatively reviewed or vetoed, would delay the entire regulatory process. Since the legislative review could apply only to rule-making proceedings (involving general policy setting) and not adjudications (involving individual disputants), agencies will have a new motivation to engage in more adjudications than rule makings—at the very time that the latter are seen as more efficient use of agency resources.

There is also the overall "politicization" of the agency process. Mr. Carter predicted in a July 1, 1977 statement that "regulators operating under such laws would seek to avoid vetoes. They would therefore tend to give more weight to affected groups' perceived political power and less to their substantive arguments." Rep. John Moss, chairman of the House Oversight and Investigations Committee, told the House Rules Committee in testimony that "lobbyists could argue that if an agency fails to change a proposed rule, they would go to the Congress and seek a veto. Two options are then available. Either the agency could submit to the threat, and drop or weaken the rule, or the agency could seek public and Congressional support. These options undermine the nonpartisan nature of administrative agencies." Actually, a third and more probable option would be for the agency staff to test out its possible rule with the staff of its oversight committee. The committee staff and chairman could then quietly let the agency staff or commissioners know what they would consider acceptable, a judgment of obvious weight. Expert regulatory judges sifting through the evidence would then become about as relevant as the electoral college.

Such anxieties are not conjectural. In an analysis of the history of five federal programs subject to legislative veto prepared for the Administrative Conference of the United States, legal scholars Harold Bruff and Ernest Gellhorn document how regulators second-guess themselves about political ramifications of their rules and how legislative vetoes would "exacerbate current problems of the 'capture' of the independent commissions by their regulated constituencies."

The Constitutional Issue. Constitutional arguments

rarely arouse members of Congress, who worry more about the voters in 1978 than about the Founding Fathers in 1787. Still, it should be hard to forget that Article I provides that legislation, to be enacted, must pass both houses of Congress and be signed by the President, unless a veto is overridden by two-thirds of each chamber. The legislative veto simply erases the President from this process. Also, the principle of separation of powers of Articles I and II—that Congress passes the laws and the President executes them—is stood on its head when the President proposes and Congress disposes.

Advocates of legislative veto argue that if Congress can delegate quasi-legislative power (rule making), it can condition that delegated power with a Congressional veto, and that this approach has been around a long time without constitutional repudiation (and so, it should be noted, were racial segregation and the death penalty until 1954 and 1975). The Supreme Court has never definitively ruled on the issue.

Support for the legislative veto in the House has been broad and unyielding. Two years ago, for example, a generic bill to apply it across the legislative board came within two votes of passage on the suspension calendar, 265 to 135 (two-thirds

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needed to pass). In both April and September of this year, in what may be a harbinger of future stalemates, the House opposed a conference report on an FTC amendments-authorization package because it lacked a legislative veto provision.

Although the House has been unyielding in its support of legislative veto, the popularity of the idea is now colliding with some substantial countertrends. There is the reality of unblinking Senate opposition—both chambers being necessary for any generic legislation to pass. The anti-bureaucracy hysteria may well recede in a nonelection year.

LEGISLATIVE VETO
Some Case Histories

• When Transportation Secretary Brock Adams announced a phase-in of tacit restraint systems (air bags) on 1982-84 cars, auto safety advocates were dismayed by the delay. Auto engineers themselves had said that such life-saving devices could easily be installed on 1980 models. However, the air bags had been made subject to a legislative veto provision. As a result, says Clarence Ditlow, head of the Center for Auto Safety, "DOT issued a standard so lenient that Congress would have no grounds to overrule it. The department was definitely looking over its shoulder at the legislative veto problem."

• Despite complaints about foxes guarding chicken coops, the House of Representatives in 1975 vetoed a Federal Election Commission regulation requiring that campaign disclosure reports be first filed with the commission; that same year the Senate vetoed a regulation requiring the disclosure of so-called "office accounts." This process offended Judge George MacKinnon, who dissented from a decision that refused to rule on the constitutionality of the legislative veto. In *Clark* v. *Valao*, he argued that FEC would be pressured into making deals with the very politicians they were supposed to be overseeing, "lead[ing] the commission into the possibility, or temptation, of subordinating its best executive judgment to that of Congress."

• HEW's Office of Education, because of a legislative veto provision in its statute, each year submits to Congress a schedule of expected family contributions for various levels of family income as part of an educational grant program. The House then routinely introduces a "resolution of disapproval" and later, just as routinely, tables it. This ritual increases the political leverage of a handful of staff on key House committees who negotiate these schedules with O.E.

• The House, led by Georgia Democrat Elliott Levitas, has twice this year refused to adopt a routine "conference report" on the Federal Trade Commission's authorization because it lacked the veto provision. And at the end of this past session of Congress, Levitas threatened to attach a legislative veto amendment to the immensely popular airline deregulation bill, although it is well known that the Senate would never accept such a provision. (He dropped his threat when the chairman of the Public Works Committee, Harold Johnson [D., Calif.], promised to vote against the FTC conference report.)

Editorial reaction, including comment from *The New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Washington Star* and *Wall Street Journal*, has been overwhelmingly critical of legislative veto. The President is dead set against it, as is the House leadership. And many members, admitting privately what they cannot say on the hustings, agree that the idea sounds great but is overkill. Or, as an influential House sponsor of this measure admitted candidly, "It's an easy way for these guys to demagogue against the bureaucracy."

Still, legislative veto will survive as long as the problem that propels it remains unanswered—how to oversee the bureaucracy. A majority of the House now sees it as a way to give the agencies a conscience, using Mencken's definition of conscience as the feeling that someone may be watching. But it makes little sense to replace an Imperial Presidency with an Imperial Congress. As Harold Laski wrote in 1940, "No democracy in the modern world can afford a scheme of government the basis of which is the inherent right of the legislature to paralyze the executive power."

And there are more effective ways for a frustrated Congress to monitor or curb agency actions. If the legislators don't like the decision of an executive or regulatory agency, they can pass a law to reverse it or pressure the agency through the oversight process. Thus when the Department of Transportation implemented Henry Ford's unpopular suggestion of a buzzer-interlock system in new cars, Congress voted its disapproval; when parts of the Real Estate Settlement Procedures Act proved ineffective, those parts were simply repealed. And hearings by Senator Kennedy on the Food and Drug Administration and by Senator Metzenbaum on the Department of Energy have recently coaxed these agencies to make desired changes. Before Congress pursues the radical surgery of vetoing the executive, it should at least vigorously pursue that antibiotic called "oversight."

Going further, Congress has the authority to abolish an agency it thinks is performing poorly (as it appears about to do to the Renegotiation Board) or to deregulate it in whole or part (as it is about to trim the Civil Aeronautics Board). It can refuse to confirm nominees whose views it finds uncongenial. It can pass the legislation, now pending, that would provide "public participation funding," and thus encourage citizen groups to take part in agency proceedings when they have a contribution to make but lack the funds needed to put in an appearance.

As House Government Operations Committee chairman Jack Brooks has said, "Congress is not a pitiful, helpless giant in its dealings with the bureaucracy." There are alternatives that would not make the cure worse than the disease, that would not involve Congress in reversing a forty-year tradition of delegating day-to-day decisions in complex areas to expert agencies already subject to Congressional review. Attacking the bureaucracy may be good politics, but legislative veto is bad law. □

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'NOT A BUNCH OF MONSTERS'

Texas Prisons Go on Trial

BRUCE JACKSON

On October 2, *Ruiz et al.* v. *Estelle*, a broad-based prisoners' rights suit challenging the administration of the Texas Department of Corrections (TDC), began its public phase in Houston before federal Judge William Wayne Justice. The trial is expected to last at least four months, and possibly much longer. *Ruiz* is the most important prison case since federal Judge J. Smith Henley declared the Arkansas prison system unconstitutional in *Holt* v. *Sarver* in 1970. At issue in *Holt* was whether or not the federal government would take over a prison that everyone agreed was an abomination. Arkansas said conditions at Cummins and Tucker were none of the federal government's business; Judge Henley disagreed, and for the first time a state prison system went under federal jurisdiction. His order effectively ended the brutality and squalor that had for so many years characterized convict life in Arkansas.

At issue in *Ruiz* is whether or not the federal government can take control of a prison system that many correctional experts think one of the best in the nation. Many Texas convicts are convinced that Judge Justice's decision will pave the way for federal control; some prison officials fear exactly the same thing, particularly after this month's prison riot and strike, in which fifty people were injured.

The case results from a seven-year-old group of separate lawsuits which Judge Justice combined in 1974. At that time, he asked the Justice Department to investigate the charges; he then allowed the department formally to join the plantiffs. The charges are that TDC has insufficient guards to keep inmates safe, that the prisons are overcrowded, medical care and food are inadequate, work conditions are unsafe, prison officials read mail to and from lawyers and government officials, and that convict guards—"building tenders"—act as thugs for the prison administrators.

Prison officials freely admit the overcrowding, but say they're caught by forces over which they have no control. Texas is a law-and-order state in which few convicted felons are put on probation and few prisoners are released on parole. A massive shift of population to the state's larger cities, to Houston particularly, has produced a great deal of crime and a lot of convictions. In the mid-1960s, the prison population hovered around 12,000; by 1974, it had crept up to 17,000 and prison planners designed new construction to cope with what they were sure would be a gradual increase in the inmate population. But the social changes caught them by surprise: the prison population is now almost 25,000, up almost 50% in four years. Critics say the TDC officials should have known what was coming, but the officials were not the only ones caught by surprise; no sociologist or journalist predicted the population increase. One-man cells have been converted to two-man cells, and in several of TDC's fifteen units some men sleep on mattresses on cell floors. Conditions are not likely to improve in the near future. One Houston judge told me that, though he now uses alternatives to prison far more often than he ever did before, "It doesn't make any difference. There are so many of them now, I wind up sending more to Huntsville anyway."

Local critics complain that TDC focuses on security and won't put enough convicts in minimum-security or work-release institutions in cities like Dallas or Houston or San Antonio. But few cities in Texas would tolerate such institutions, and TDC Director W.J. Estelle, Jr. is sensitive to public attitudes. The only kind of population control open to the TDC administrators has to do with good time, and Texas is currently more liberal with good time than almost any other state. Even without parole, a man who avoids trouble can work off a ten-year sentence in six years, and many do. But that's not enough to ease the density.

TDC officials angrily contest the other charges. Over the years, I've heard a lot of inmates complain of getting a bum rap, and it is odd to hear wardens and guards talking exactly the same way. They point to conditions in other states: California officials now openly negotiate policy with convict gangs; a New York convict with money need never go without heroin for very long; an Illinois warden resigned recently because half his employees were afraid to go into the buildings and half his convicts were afraid to come out of their cells. TDC officials point out that Texas has the safest of any of the large prison systems. A staff member or person from outside can walk almost anywhere without fear. From 1973 to 1976, sixty-six inmates were killed by other inmates in California, thirty in Florida, twenty-six in Washington, twenty-three in Missouri. Texas, with a prison population greater than California's and greater than those other three states combined, had only four convict deaths.

The issues of medical care and food preparation will be decided on the basis of expert testimony; the Justice Department and the Texas Attorney General have each hired outside professionals. When I said to one group of inmates that the food seemed to me reasonable country Texas cafeteria style, one said, "That's because whenever a visitor comes in they change the menu to impress you." "For all visitors?" "That's right," the inmate said. "That's a bunch of crap," a kitchen supervisor said. "The menus are made up long in advance and anybody can check that. What

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they mind isn't the food but that it's *prison* food. If I was a convict, I wouldn't like anything about prison either."

The most bitterly fought issue in the case will probably be over the use of inmates as building tenders. Inmates say they get special privileges, sell food, pimp, beat up weaker inmates who won't play their games or submit to their hustles, and act as strong-arm men for the officials. Prison officials flatly deny the charges. "That ended twenty years ago," one warden said. "I catch one of these building tenders beating up on somebody and he goes into isolation like anybody else." Another warden said, "They might help an officer when he was having trouble with somebody who was getting violent. You don't know, but there's a lot of violent people in here. And it's a *law* in Texas that a citizen is supposed to help an officer in trouble. I don't see anything wrong with that." Another warden said, "If I could have four officers on every one of those tiers I wouldn't use building tenders for anything but mopping the floor. But I don't have that many officers. And these guys give me information. Sometimes they're onto something before we can get there and they stop somebody from hurting somebody else."

Judge Justice, who previously ordered integration in Texas public schools, sweeping changes in the administration of Texas state hospitals for the criminally insane and an almost total revision of the operations of the Texas Youth Council, does not believe in simple injunctions. His orders are detailed, covering every aspect of the operation under scrutiny. TDC officials worry that his orders will shatter what they think is the most finely tuned prison administration in the country.

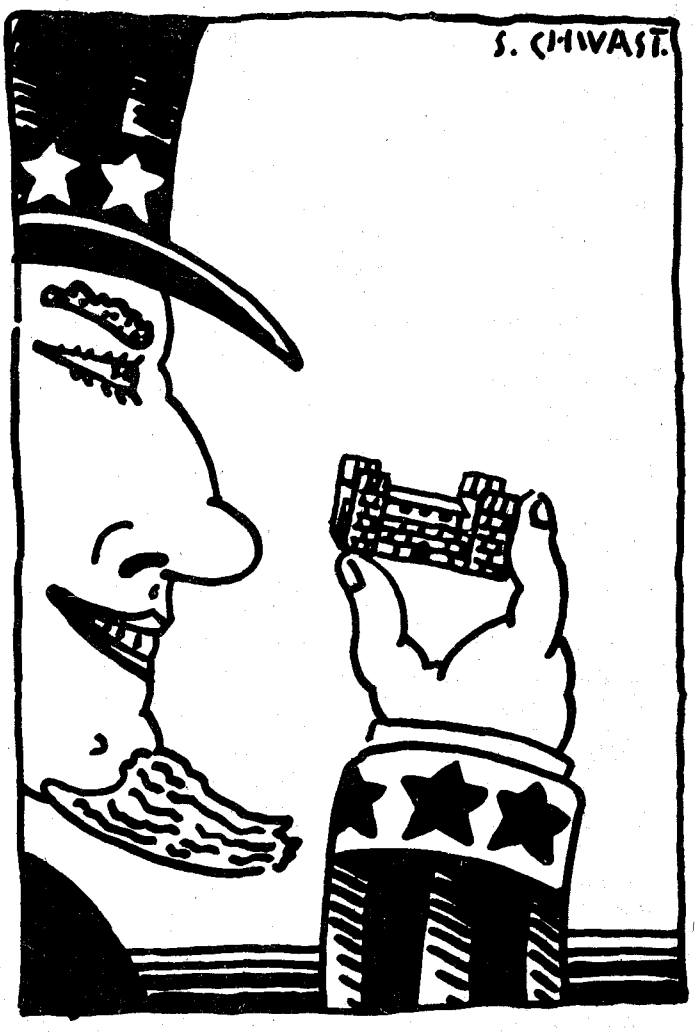
"We admit to the overcrowding, but we think we've coped with it very well so far," one official said. "And we can argue some of the other charges. It's hard, but we can offer evidence and they can offer evidence and someone can look at both and make a reasonable decision. If he wants to. Some of those issues will be more cut and dried than they look now. But others—like the building tenders—we're in the position of having to prove that something *didn't* go on. How do you prove something didn't happen?"

"Don't they have to prove the events *did* occur?"

"Not in Wayne Justice's court. They've got statements saying we did some things and we've got statements saying we didn't. Our statements are no more proof than their statements are proof, so it comes down to how Justice feels about us, and from what I've seen, he doesn't feel very good about us at all. And in the meantime all these charges and statements go in the newspapers and we look like a bunch of monsters. We're not a bunch of monsters."

The trial was originally scheduled for Justice's court in Tyler, in the northeastern part of the state, but when the Justice Department announced that it planned to call as many as 200 inmate witnesses, TDC lawyers asked for a change of venue. There was no room to house the witnesses in Tyler's little jail, they said, so having the trial there meant inmates and guards would have to spend up to six hours a day riding buses to and from the courtroom. Their complaint was legitimate, but they also hoped that if the trial was shifted to the Southern District a more conservative judge, based in Houston, would be assigned to the case.

TDC hoped the trial would be shifted to Huntsville, the home base of the sprawling prison system,



75 miles north of Houston. The moot courtroom at Huntsville's Sam Houston State University's Criminal Justice Center is one of the best court facilities in the state. Holding the trial there would mean that security problems would be minimized, TDC records would be easily accessible to either side, and the students in the criminal justice program could watch the proceedings. But the Sam Houston moot courtroom has a sour taste for Texas liberals: it was the site of the trial of three Texas policemen who last year beat and then drowned Joe Campos Torres; the policemen escaped the murder charges in a trial even Texas conservatives think was a scandal. Though there is no jury in *Ruiz*, Judge Justice wasn't willing to let TDC fight on its home ground. The trial was moved to Houston, and Justice announced that he was coming along with it.

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The Department of Justice has not made TDC's defense an easy matter. Rules of disclosure force the government to let Texas know what would be introduced at the trial (TDC has let federal agents copy everything in its files that interested them), but so far the prosecutors have refused to say which inmates would be testifying about which charges. That means TDC cannot prepare for specific testimony. Ed Idar, Jr., the special assistant attorney general handling TDC's case, asked Judge Justice to force the government agents to comply with the disclosure rules, but Justice declined. The government has also interfered on some occasions with TDC's witnesses. Norman Carlson, currently director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, had agreed to testify for TDC, but after his name appeared on a witness list the Justice Department ordered Carlson to stay home.

The Civil Rights Division of the Department of Justice badly needs a victory in this case. It has been responsible for none of the other major prison suits; it has won no case against any police department abuses; it was humiliated in the Torres case. A big Texas win would do much for CRD's image.

But why now, why this particular case? Why should dozens of FBI agents, a half-dozen federal prosecutors and a large support staff spend so much time and money on this particular prosecution? In part, because Judge Justice invited them in. When a strong activist judge invites a prosecutor to join a civil suit, that's a good indication that the judge already has in mind the direction the case will eventually take. In the Texas Youth Council case, much of the prosecution's design was shaped by Judge Justice.

There is another, perhaps more important, reason for the enormous Justice Department investment in *Ruiz*. Last June, the Department of Justice published a new set of correctional standards. These standards currently have no legal meaning; they are merely recommendations and no prison in the country now meets the standards. They differ in several important regards from another new set of standards issued last year by the American Correctional Association, and they have in them what many penologists think serious defects. Incorporation of those Justice Department standards in the TDC ruling would give them an immediate validation available in no other way. It would not be necessary to submit them to public scrutiny or legislative ratification; it could all be accomplished by a stroke of Wayne Justice's pen.

"As a prison system, TDC probably *is* the best around," a New York prisoners' rights lawyer said to me. "The government isn't arguing that. There's no dope in there, there's hardly ever any violence, and there's no corruption at all. You can't even fault them on rehabilitation because nobody's claiming they do rehabilitation any more. That's not what *Ruiz* is about. It's this: if they can get Texas, then all the others are dominoes. They can go into every other state and take over those prisons without a trial. We can say hello and they'll sign a consent decree. New York, California, everybody." □

Dulles Coup

(Continued from Front Cover)

Dulles, the major foreign policy figure of the 1950s, actively fostered and led the *coup d'etat*—in concert with his brother Allen, then director of the CIA. What emerges from these documents is a pattern of official U.S. deceit and corruption toward Guatemala that establishes the affair as one of the most sordid and inane foreign "security" operations in American history.

For the CIA-sponsored takeover by Col. Castillo Armas, though it accomplished its purposes, had immense long-range costs for the United States. In the minds of Latin Americans, it tore FDR's "Good Neighbor Policy" to tatters and unequivocally reinstated the "right" of U.S. intervention throughout the hemisphere. Within the ranks of U.S. intelligence, it fostered a swaggering band of covert CIA agents fully convinced that they could crush any "leftist" government or guerrilla war below the border—an attitude that led to American schemes to oust Castro in Cuba, eradicate "revolutionaries" in the Dominican Republic in 1965, and kick Allende out of Chile.

It also raised most of the questions that came to haunt American foreign policy in the 1970s: the U.S. obsession with besting the Russians, "dirty tricks" by American intelligence operatives, the theory of a "rogue elephant" CIA, the burgeoning power of multinational corporations, and the secret overseas payments made by U.S. businesses.

To find the roots of U.S. hostility against Guatemala, one must go back as far as the Truman administration. In 1944, Guatemalans tossed out the notorious Ubico dictatorship and elected as their first democratic President a Socialist named Juan Jose Arevalo. Under the new regime, the Guatemalan Congress approved a mild labor code which forced United Fruit, among other employers, to improve the wretched working conditions of its peasants. While the code was being debated, the State Department began to dispatch warnings to the Guatemalan President at the behest of United Fruit. But the labor code passed in 1947 without much change. Thereafter U.S. diplomats bore down hard on the Guatemalan Government to get rid of "Communist sympathizers" who, claimed Washington, were infiltrating the nation's political life.

In 1950, the Guatemalans elected a new President, Jacobo Arbenz. (It might be noted that Guatemala at that time was one of only a few nations bordering the Caribbean sea—along with Mexico and Costa Rica—which were practicing democracies.) Arbenz, a stubborn, prickly visionary (a Social Democrat by today's standards), made one fatal mistake—in 1953,

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he expropriated unused land belonging to United Fruit, then the country's principal landowner.

The American company controlled all of Guatemala's banana exports, ran 580 of the land's 732 miles of railroad, held a monopoly on its telephone and telegraph facilities, possessed its largest electrical plant, and administered one of the most important ports on the Caribbean coast. It also employed numerous publicists in Washington and carried on its board of directors many individuals with ties to the Eisenhower administration.

Arbenz's decision to take over the United Fruit acreage aroused all the survival instincts of the giant corporation. A year earlier, when the land-reform measure had been enacted, the company's lobbyists had spread throughout Washington fear stories about Marxist infiltrators cheering in the streets and leftist officials smirking in their homes. Now United Fruit's agents beat their drums even more powerfully over the so-called "land-grab."

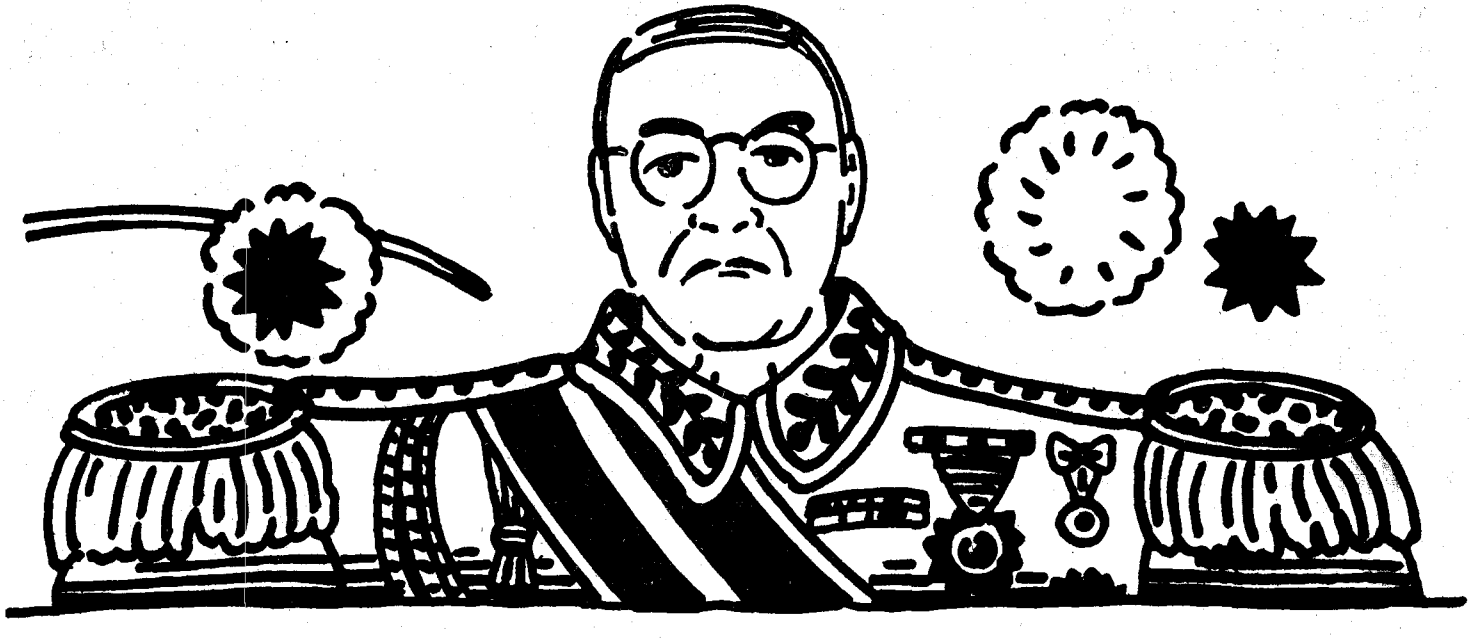
The tensions between the State Department and Guatemala had risen perceptibly just as Eisenhower was coming into office. Sen. Joseph McCarthy's pervasive presence in Washington inflamed anti-Communist suspicions everywhere. Then the new President's appointments of the two conservative Dulles brothers to the two key foreign policy positions—the State Department and the CIA—reinforced the American siege mentality toward foreign "subversion" in its own hemisphere.

Eisenhower, rattled by the McCarthy witch hunt at home and intent on establishing his anti-Communist credentials abroad, proved easily susceptible to the outcries over Guatemala. The Dulles brothers, with powerful corporate links, forged over years of legal practice and business involvement, clinched the argument for doing something to "protect" United Fruit, by persuading him to press a secret war against Guatemala. Within a few months of taking office, Eisenhower gave the go-ahead to a CIA unit to prepare for some form of *Putsch*.

In this effort, Eisenhower enlisted every one of his Ambassadors in the Caribbean area; primed the government's information arm, the United States Information Service (USIS), as well as its army and naval and air force, for a showdown; ordered the CIA to look for an invasion chieftain, and entreated every dictator in the neighborhood, including Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, Batista in Cuba, Somoza in Nicaragua, Jimenez in Venezuela and the local *caudillos* in Honduras and El Salvador to join in a region-wide siege.

The first State Department document of more than passing interest is an intelligence estimate, dated June 16, 1953, and prepared by the Division of Research for Latin America in consultation with the CIA. Written soon after Arbenz's expropriation of United Fruit land, the report argues with a certain brutal logic that should the United States arm the tyrannies in the vicinity of Guatemala—namely, Honduras, Nicaragua and El Salvador—that would send the Guatemalan military a message to knock off Arbenz. (Later the United States did send weapons to the three nations.)

By mid-1953, the conspiracy was taking broader shape. A USIS document presented to the Operations Coordinating Board (a euphemism for U.S. covert operations) soon after the overthrow of Arbenz boasts of the steps taken by the agency to rattle the Guatemalans throughout 1953 and 1954. The USIS's acting director proudly points out that his agency helped with "the preparation and placement of unattributed articles labeling certain Guatemalan officials as Communists." He adds: "These were planted in a Chilean newspaper and later reprinted in selected other countries with Chilean attribution." This maneuver by the USIS and others like it took place, according to the USIS summary, with the full authorization from the State Department, in concert with the CIA and the then-



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U.S. Ambassador to Guatemala, Jack Peurifoy.

But the USIS played only an external role. The United States still had to recruit a native figure to lead its internal crusade against the malefactors of Guatemala. A sheaf of documents from U.S. diplomats in Guatemala City, and in Managua, Nicaragua, detail in bizarre and humorless prose the profusion of wacky exile "rebels" who paraded into the U.S. Embassies promising to toss out Arbenz and deliver the nation to the God-fearing West. For example, Sr. Jose Luis Arenas, an opposition deputy in the Guatemalan Congress, stopped in one day at the Embassy in Guatemala City and asked for $200,000 to chuck out Arbenz by "civic pressure." When the counselor to the Embassy turned him down, Senor Arenas snapped that he planned to visit Washington in a month and call on "Vice President Nixon and Senator Mundt to ascertain whether funds could be made available." Arenas apparently did later make his way to Capitol Hill but there is no evidence that he got any cash.

And for good reason, as we now know. The CIA had already picked its field commander—the exile Castillo Armas. Its first choice had been Ydigoras Fuentes, a prominent right-wing exile of authoritarian leanings, but he flatly rejected the CIA because, he wrote later, it placed too many restrictions on his scope of action. Castillo was more malleable, a prototypal banana republic military officer who had been sentenced to death for plotting against the government several years earlier and had escaped the firing squad by tunneling out of his jail cell. (In 1957, Castillo was assassinated, and Ydigoras assumed the Presidency.)

Plainly, however, nobody was going to unseat Arbenz unless the U.S. military flexed its muscle. On December 23, 1953, Ambassador Peurifoy, whom the State Department had appointed in October to deal with Arbenz, sent a critical telegram to Secretary Dulles. A self-proclaimed tough guy from South Carolina who carried a pistol in his belt, Peurifoy announced that he was fed up with further mediative gestures. "Therefore," he wired in ominous bureaucratese, "In view of inadequacy of normal diplomatic procedures in dealing with situation, there appears no alternative to our taking steps which would tend to make more difficult continuation of [Arbenz] regime in Guatemala."

The impatient Peurifoy offered several suggestions: "We should. . .step up locally overt and covert anti-Communist propaganda." (The USIS was already helping out.) Further, the United States should withdraw its army and air force missions from Guatemala (the United States never took this step). Peurifoy also listed a series of other whip lashes on Guatemala's back, including cancellation of the reciprocal trade treaty with the nation, cutting off gasoline shipments, and withdrawing agricultural missions. Few of these measures were undertaken—it turned out that the U.S. campaign against Arbenz was already well enough advanced.

The State Department now took the public route to crush Arbenz—ostracism by the Organization of American States. At the Tenth Inter-American Conference in Caracas, Venezuela, in March 1954. Dulles focused his diplomatic energies on a vigorous crusade to line up all the "good-guy" nations in Latin America against Guatemala. He devised a resolution decrying Communist influence in the Americas and obviously directed against Guatemala. In message after message the United States and its Ambassadors exchanged suggested stratagems to convince often reluctant Latin nations to back the resolution. It passed 17 to 1, with Guatemala in opposition.

Still the country did not collapse. Then in May 1954, a Swedish freighter, the *Alfhem*, arrived in Guatemala bearing arms from Czechoslovakia. Arbenz had bought them, probably through the Czech Consulate in Mexico City, because he could no longer shop in the United States. Arbenz apparently felt he had to resupply his restive troops or be lynched, but the *Alfhem* was a godsend for the now floundering American plotters.

Suddenly the United States, which leaked its discovery of the shipment to the press, was able to arouse the American public and prepare for an overt display of military power. First, it publicly flew cargoes of arms to Nicaragua. Then, within a matter of days, it secretly dispatched naval vessels to the Caribbean with orders to search for arms any "suspicious" ships bound for Guatemala.

This abrupt flurry of American activity elicited a protest from one old and seasoned diplomat, Robert Murphy. Then deputy Under Secretary of State, Murphy had been excluded from the private meetings on Guatemala, but he found out about the President's secret order to U.S. Navy ships to intercept and search foreign vessels. On May 25, 1954, he weighed in with a stinging memo to Dulles upbraiding the Secretary for his "bankrupt" policy:

> Now that the President and you have decided on this action, of course it must be seen through, but I would like you to know that I believe the philosophy back of the action is wrong and that it may be very expensive over the longer term. My instinct, and perhaps my ignorance of Guatemalan problems, tells me that to resort to this action confesses the bankruptcy of our political policy vis-a-vis that country. Instead of political action inside Guatemala we are obliged to resort to heavy-handed military action on the periphery of the cause of trouble. While I do not question the usefulness of a display of naval force in the Central American area under present circumstances, forcible detention of foreign flag shipping on the high seas is another matter.
>
> While we may get applause perhaps from some Latin countries, there may be others, and Mexico may be one, whose reaction may be to assert their right as sovereign states to purchase arms where they like. In our past we asserted our right to deliver arms to belligerents. Our present action should give stir to the bones of Admiral von Tirpitz, and no doubt the conversation of some German naval officers will relate to our "good neighbor" policy as *spurlos versenkt* [sunk without a trace]. This of course is an important action which seems to have received inadequate staff action in the Department, and is grounded on reasoning contrary to an opinion of the Acting Legal Adviser.

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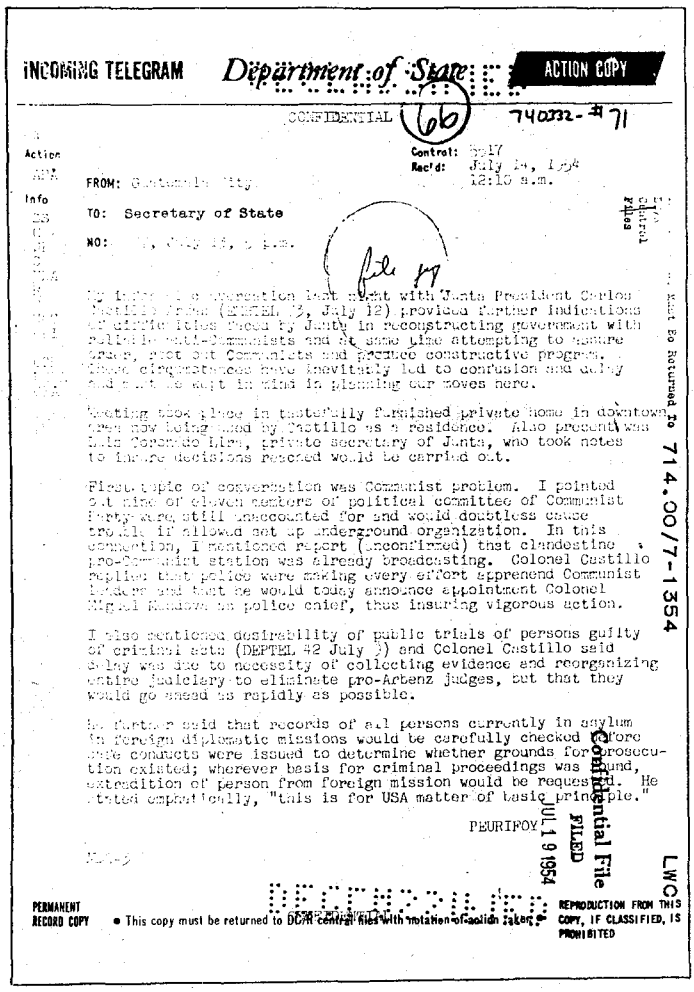
But the momentum by now was unstoppable, though a few unfortunate news breaks hindered the Americans briefly. For example, U.S. newspapers got wind that the navy had, too randomly, stopped and sent to the Canal Zone for inspection at least one ship, and perhaps two, headed for Puerto Barrios. The public disclosure shook up the State Department and resulted, according to one document, in new instructions to naval commanders that no vessel could be intercepted "without the O.K. of State."

Quickly the State Department scurried around to scrape up legal grounds for boarding foreign boats. Officials leaned toward some Rio Treaty clauses that barred "Communist" aggression and also considered private appeals to European nations to redirect their ships to the Canal Zone "voluntarily" for inspection. Whatever justification it groped toward, the United States was intent on sealing off all commerce to Guatemala—anticipating the later blockade of Cuba.

Meantime the State Department's frantic show of movement was providing a welcome legitimacy to Castillo's rebels, now waiting in Honduras and Nicaragua to invade the country. The CIA had been running into trouble with its preparations—Castillo was undecided on when to hit Arbenz; the local dictators were meddling with their own plans, and the free-lance activities of the agency's contact men were getting out of hand. The news of the *Alfhem* jerked the ragged operation into a state of readiness.



INCOMING TELEGRAM Department of State ACTION COPY

CONFIDENTIAL (66) 740332-#71

Control: [illegible]
Rec'd: July 14, 1954
12:10 a.m.

FROM: Guatemala City

TO: Secretary of State

NO: [illegible], July 14, 5 p.m.

File #7

[illegible] conversation last night with Junta President Carlos Castillo Armas (EMBTEL 32, July 12) provided further indications of difficulties faced by Junta in reconstructing government with [illegible] anti-Communists and at same time attempting to assure [illegible] get out Communists and accuse constructive progress. These circumstances have inevitably led to confusion and delay and must be kept in mind in planning our moves here.

Meeting took place in tastefully furnished private home in downtown area now being used by Castillo as a residence. Also present was Luis Torrendo Lieu, private secretary of Junta, who took notes to insure decisions reached would be carried out.

First topic of conversation was Communist problem. I pointed out nine of eleven members of political committee of Communist Party were still unaccounted for and would doubtless cause trouble if allowed set up underground organization. In this connection, I mentioned report (unconfirmed) that clandestine pro-Communist station was already broadcasting. Colonel Castillo replied that police were making every effort apprehend Communist leaders and that he would today announce appointment Colonel Miguel Ramirez as police chief, thus insuring vigorous action.

I also mentioned desirability of public trials of persons guilty of criminal acts (DEPTEL 42 July 9) and Colonel Castillo said delay was due to necessity of collecting evidence and reorganizing entire judiciary to eliminate pro-Arbenz judges, but that they would go ahead as rapidly as possible.

He further said that records of all persons currently in asylum in foreign diplomatic missions would be carefully checked before safe conducts were issued to determine whether grounds for prosecution existed; wherever basis for criminal proceedings was found, extradition of person from foreign mission would be requested. He stated emphatically, "this is for USA matter of basic principle."

PEURIFOY

Must Be Returned To 714.00/7-1354

Confidential File

FILED JUL 19 1954

LWC:S

PERMANENT RECORD COPY • This copy must be returned to DCR central files with notation of action taken.

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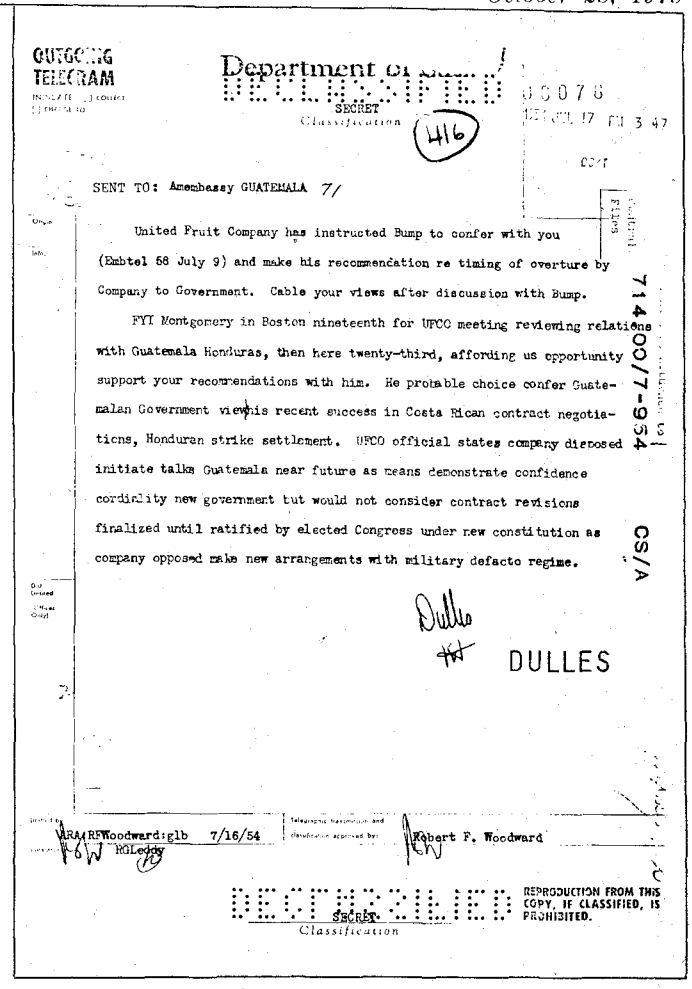

OUTGOING TELEGRAM Department of State UNCLASSIFIED

SECRET

Classification

(416)

SENT TO: Amembassy GUATEMALA 71

United Fruit Company has instructed Bump to confer with you (Embtel 68 July 9) and make his recommendation re timing of overture by Company to Government. Cable your views after discussion with Bump.

FYI Montgomery in Boston nineteenth for UFCO meeting reviewing relations with Guatemala Honduras, then here twenty-third, affording us opportunity support your recommendations with him. He probable choice confer Guatemalan Government view his recent success in Costa Rican contract negotiations, Honduran strike settlement. UFCO official states company disposed initiate talks Guatemala near future as means demonstrate confidence cordiality new government tut would not consider contract revisions finalized until ratified by elected Congress under new constitution as company opposed make new arrangements with military defacto regime.

Dulles

DULLES

714.00/7-954

CS/A

ARA:RFWoodward:glb 7/16/54

RGLeddy

Robert F. Woodward

SECRET

Classification

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On June 18 the CIA finally launched its "incur-

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sion" with Castillo at the head. Immediately, the Soviet delegates at the U.N. Security Council took to the podium to lambaste the border crossing from Honduras as a U.S. conspiracy and ask that U.N. peace-keeping units be sent to Guatemala. Both France and Great Britain decided to accept the Soviet proposal. Ambassador Lodge vehemently argued that the OAS should assume responsibility for flying neutral observers into Guatemala. He knew, of course, that the United States had the votes in the OAS to control exactly where those observers went and what they said.

A furious Lodge now called in the English and French envoys. "I now had an important statement to make to them," Lodge wired Dulles, "and I had asked them to come to my office so that I could do so in person. I said that this statement was not (repeat not) in any sense of the word a threat because of course they represented strong independent governments that would do whatever they wanted, but that I was instructed by the President to say to them that if Great Britain and France felt that they must take an independent line backing the present government of Guatemala, we would feel free to take an equally independent line concerning such matters as Egypt and North Africa in which we had hitherto tried to exercise the greatest forbearance so as not (repeat not) to embarrass Great Britain and France. My announcement was received with great solemnity."

The next day the British dropped the Soviet proposal cold, and the French contented themselves with voting through the council an innocuous resolution calling for the immediate termination of any action likely to cause bloodshed. Meantime the Russians vetoed a proposal to send the Guatemalan issue to an OAS Peace Committee.

By then, most of the international debate had in any case become academic. Castillo's motley troops rested in Esquipulas, a village just over the border, while several F-47s manned by American mercenary pilots bombed Guatemala at will (Arbenz had no working air force because he lacked reliable commanders). CIA planes, as Thomas McCann reports in his book on United Fruit, *An American Company*, also parachuted Russian-manufactured arms into the Guatemalan terrain in order to make the claim that the Soviets were provisioning Arbenz and trying to establish a beachhead. Commando raids run by CIA operatives knocked out railroad lines, a few ships and some trains. With no visible means to curb the assaults, Arbenz threw in the towel and fled the country.

Dulles was ready for this moment. While riots erupted all over Latin America denouncing U.S. intervention, he engaged in several days of frantic negotiations—vividly described in hurried dispatch-

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es exchanged between Peurifoy, the State Department and the U.S. Ambassador in Honduras—to obtain the selection of his man Castillo as Guatemala's new chief of state. A few days after Castillo's installation, Dulles wired Peurifoy to confer with United Fruit's man in Guatemala, a Mr. Almyr Bump, and arrange talks with the new regime.

Dulles had a direct line into the company's strategy. As he wired Peurifoy in mid-July:

> United Fruit Company has instructed Bump to confer with you and make his recommendation re timing of overture by company to government. Cable your views after discussing with Bump. For your interest, Montgomery [a UFCO officer] is in Boston nineteenth for UFCO meeting reviewing relations with Guatemala [and] Honduras. He [is] probable choice [to] confer [with] Guatemalan Government [in] view [of] his recent success in Costa Rican contract negotiations, Honduras strike settlement. UFCO official states company disposed [to] initiate talks [with] Guatemala [in] near future as means [to] demonstrate confidence [and] cordiality [toward] new government but would not consider contract revisions [here meaning return of seized land] finalized until ratified by elected Congress under new Constitution as [the] company [is] opposed [to] make new arrangements with military de facto regime.

The vindictive, indeed ferocious, anti-communism of Dulles emerged in the wake of the coup's success. Within days of Castillo's assumption of power, our Secretary of State instructed Peurifoy to have Castillo scour the countryside for Communists. No attempt was made to define who was a Marxist or to ascertain what sins were being committed. In a starkly composed message dispatched to Peurifoy within thirteen days of Arbenz's resignation, he told the Ambassador to "persuade proper authorities" (meaning Castillo) to slap "criminal charges, with accompanying publicity, against Communists against whom there is criminal evidence, thus focusing public and diplomatic attention [on the] criminal rather than political character [of] their offenses."

For the next two months Dulles undertook a diplomatic crusade that had the persecutorial overtones of Torquemada. For example, he repeatedly instructed Peurifoy to pressure the bumbling Castillo administration on the problem of Communists "asylees." In one harsh cable circulated to all of the main U.S. Embassies in South and Central America, Dulles wrote:

> DEPT believes dispersion Guatemalan Communists asylees this hemisphere certain to create serious problems because will strengthen Commie organizations in receiving countries and because dispersed asylees will work for overthrow anti-Communist Guatemalan GOVT. Gravity problem indicated by resort to diplomatic asylum of several hundred Arbenz regime in Embassies Mexico, Chile, Argentina, Costa Rica and El Salvador.
>
> DEPT feels optimum solution above problem would involve: (1) Those asylees found guilty of crimes be tried and imprisoned in Guatemala. Embassy Guatemala should advise whether under Guatemalan law an asylee can be classified as common criminal not entitled to safe conduct where, aside from membership Communist Party he is convicted of having been covert Moscow agent. If so, safe conducts can be refused some asylees against whom no other criminal charges can be sustained. (2) Asylees not chargeable with crimes but considered particularly dangerous to new government be given safe conducts conditioned they go to Russia . . . (3) Asylees not chargeable with crimes and considered relatively harmless be granted safe conducts conditioned they go to countries sufficiently remote to nullify attempts to intrigue effectively against government. . . .
>
> To diminish pressure for quick solution exerted by crowded conditions [at] host embassies, Embassy Guatemala should consider advisability suggesting government [itself] offer suitable building in which host governments can pay for maintenance [of] asylees under hygienic conditions. Solution permits more intense police vigilance than desirable around embassy [of] friendly government.

Peurifoy, however, could make little headway with the new commander. Castillo had it in mind that, even as a right-wing *caudillo*, he should subscribe to the view held around the hemisphere that the right of asylum—and safe conduct out of any country—was an old and honorable tradition that had to be upheld. Peurifoy later admitted to Holland that Castillo Armas had issued about 200 safe conducts without giving him prior notice, despite a promise to check in first with the Embassy.

Peurifoy was also becoming suspicious of Castillo himself. He soon wrote the State Department: "Castillo has apparently discarded his followers who were with him in exile and is now surrounded by highly suspicious opportunistic elements such as Jorge Garcia Granados. . .former Ambassador to the United States, and a person well known for his Communist tendencies." Had the United States come full circle—substituting a new Marxist for the putative fellow traveler they had just tossed out?

Not quite; Castillo apparently turned around in the nick of time. A few months later, he began to persecute hundreds of Guatemalans for all sorts of vague "Communist" crimes; he rescinded the Agrarian Reform laws, handed back all of United Fruit's seized land, and generally set up a reliable, ruthless authoritarian regime in which the United States could put its trust. By the end of 1954, even Peurifoy felt he had successfully concluded his mission. He then decided to depart, with accolades from the State Department ringing in his ears, for a new post in Thailand. He died shortly afterward in an automobile accident near Bangkok.

Guatemala struggled on, the lives of its people now measurably worse off than before. Its fragile democracy was irreparably shattered and the social conscience of its government utterly wasted. Successive coups, fixed elections and rightist regimes followed. Today, little is left of the reformist spirit that preceded the CIA overthrow in Guatemala, except for some small fluctuating bands of political liberals and some half-decimated guerrilla forces fighting forlornly in the countryside. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

On Harold Clurman: A Footnote for A Later Time

On the occasion of the opening of the Harold Clurman Theatre, on West Forty-Second Street, Manhattan, The Nation *takes pleasure in publishing this appraisal of the man for whom the new house is named. It is written with affection, not to say astonishment, by a colleague who has shared with him intermissions beyond counting.*

BRENDAN GILL

There are those who, gaining fame, do so with reluctance. Their embarrassment is real and not assumed; climbing the steps of the stage of history, they would plainly rather be pitching headlong out of sight into the orchestra pit. Despite the fact that he is a professional performer, Woody Allen is of this company; so is William Shawn, the security of whose presence in history is reinforced by his seeming total absence from it—as the editor of the *New Yorker*, he puts his stamp upon every page and yet he pretends to be nowhere. Conspicuously not of the company of the reluctant is Harold Clurman. He entered history many decades ago and he did so with relish; one imagines him debonairly, hat and cane and cigar in place, racing to the middle of the stage and beginning to talk, and it is among the purposes of this brief contribution to the archives of Clurmania to let future historians know that he wisely never stopped.

How to convey a sense of Harold in conversational eruption? First of all, it is lively talk, now personal, now general, now philosophical, now fanciful, low-falutin as well as high, funny and at the same time, to one's astonishment, compassionate. Listening to Harold, his friends have reason to be grateful that he is a physiological anomaly: he need never draw breath. Words tumble out of him with something like the abundance and inventiveness of the fountains in the high green grottoes and dusky terraces at Tivoli. It may be that his only match in history is Coleridge, of whom it is reported that a friend, having been firmly buttonholed by the poet, at last took out a penknife, cut off the lapel of his jacket, and walked away, leaving Coleridge contentedly addressing a fragment of blue serge. This would never happen to Harold, of course, for what he says is too pert, pertinent and impertinent to be readily done without. We crowd round him, and our eagerness serves him as the best of aperitifs; his eyes brighten, his cane jiggles on his arm, and the fountains bubble and send their bright jets higher and higher. And mind you, these fountains, unlike those at Tivoli, are portable; they are as likely to erupt in a crowded theatre lobby in New York as at the bar of the Ritz in Boston or on the vine-covered penthouse terrace of an ancient tawny palazzo on the Via Gregoriana in Rome. It is all one to the grand begetter.

When I first met Harold, he was already famous as a founder of the Group Theatre and the director of a dozen or more important and successful plays. In short, he was already happily at home at the center of the stage. Since this was twenty-odd years ago, Harold, in spite of his look of sly, invincible boyishness, must have been hovering somewhere in his middle 50s. I had written a novel called *The Day the Money Stopped*, which the playwright S.N. Behrman, in a review in the *New Yorker*, with characteristic generosity had praised far beyond its deserts. In the course of the review, he had hinted that the novel could be turned without the slightest difficulty into a superb play and movie. At once—and how welcomely!—my telephone began to ring. Broadway. Hollywood. I had put into the mouth of the quasi-autobiographical hero of the novel the sentence, "I've always been so ready to be rich," and obviously this was the chance of a lifetime.

My agent, Harold Freedman—a gentle, soft-spoken man, celebrated in his day for the fact that when he lost his temper, he *lowered* his voice—advised me not to sell my novel to Hollywood until after it had been made into a successful play. He advised me, further, that I should not attempt the adaptation myself; in his experience, it was always better to let a fresh hand take over. The next thing I knew, I was reading in the *Times* that the novel would be adapted into a play by Maxwell Anderson; that the producers would be Stanley Gilkey and Robert Whitehead; that the director would be Harold Clurman; that the designer would be Jo Mielziner; and that the cast would include Richard Basehart, Mildred Natwick, Kevin McCarthy and Collin Wilcox.

Pace Behrman, the play version of *The Day the Money Stopped* proved a disastrous misadventure. Poor Max Anderson was by no means a fresh hand by then, and while the play was still out of town I was asked to help him with the rewrite. Before we reached New York, he gallantly insisted that I should share co-authorship and, despite my dark view of the play's prospects, it was not for me to refuse the opportunity. Opening at the Belasco, the play died like a dog in the street after three days, as it richly deserved to do. Still, nearly all my memories of our struggles to make it succeed are happy ones. My dreams of wealth went glimmering, but no matter. What a delightful gathering of people it was that I, a stranger to the theatre, had been suddenly plunged among! Then and there, we all became fast friends and we have remained friends ever since. (I ought to mention that also in the gathering, ready to serve as a standby for Collin Wilcox, was a small, dark-haired, dark-eyed young woman of exceptional good looks and high intelligence. Her name was Juleen Compton and later, if only for a few minutes, she was to become Harold's second wife. She, too, has remained my friend.)

It appears that a failure in common can nourish friendship as no success could hope to do. Even in the midst of the misery of our dishevelment on the road, it was fascinating for me to observe Harold not merely in conversational eruption but in directorial eruption as well. From time to time in rehearsals, whether in Wilmington, Philadelphia, or wherever, he would seem to have totally lost control of his temper; he would speak faster and faster and louder and louder and his face would be suffused with blood, turning from red to purple. I would sit trembling in the dark of the theatre, fearing either that he would suffer a massive cerebral hemorrhage or that he would simply, inevitably, incandescently explode. I imagined the local headlines: DIRECTOR VICTIM OF SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION. REHEARSAL PROVES TOO MUCH FOR DISTINGUISHED OUT-OF-TOWNER. But nothing of the kind. The storm of dark passion would pass as quickly as it had arisen, and after a few minutes Harold would

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be smiling and chatting away with his accustomed affability.

Since then, the only professional connection between Harold and me has been that we are both journalists who review plays. (Harold has been writing on theatre for *The Nation* for twenty-five years.) We meet in the aisle on every opening night, where I never fail to do obeisance to his plum-colored velvet evening jacket, his classic fedora. I am put in mind of Browning's "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain? And did he stop and speak to you?" And if it happens, many years hence, that my great-grandchildren ask of me, "Ah, did you once see Clurman plain? And did he stop and speak to you?" I will reply that he did indeed speak to me, enchantingly, until I turned in the aisle and saw that, all too soon, between one rich Clurman relative clause and the next the importunate curtain was going up. □

Circuses Without Bread

MICHAEL MEWSHAW

CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS. *By John Heilpern. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 279 pp. $10.95.*

In 1973-74 the Sahel, a sub-Saharan tract of 2.1 million square miles stretching from Senegal to Chad, was struck by one of its cyclical droughts. Exacerbated by political corruption and a basic misunderstanding of the area's population and ecology, the drought resulted in a famine which, according to some estimates, affected 25 million people and caused over 100,000 deaths. Unfortunately these figures are difficult to substantiate since even in "good seasons" the nomadic tribes don't have enough to eat and their life expectancy is less than forty years.

To make matters worse, rescue efforts were hampered by "disaster tourists"—junketing politicians courting votes by demonstrating their concern for the Third World, academics scavenging for dissertation topics, and loony relief missions which air-dropped toilet seats, soap, toothbrushes and toothpaste. The Carnation Milk Co. donated cases of chocolate-flavor powder with blithe instructions to people who hadn't seen rain in several years, "Just add water."

For obtuseness, however, no group that visited the Sahel is likely to match the International Centre of Theatre Research. Directed by Peter Brook and buoyed by a million-dollar subsidy, principally from the Ford Foundation, the troupe left its Paris base and, oblivious or ignorant of the drought, drove from Algeria to Nigeria and back "in quest of a nonverbal, physically formulated theatre that would break through the solidified conventions and techniques of traditional theatre into an area of universal communication—beyond the pull of Western rationalism and the intellect."

One can imagine the group's mass delusion. What better place to perform than Africa where the tug of old, dark blood is supposed to be strong, people are still in touch with their feelings, and there is no artificial division between theatre and life. John Heilpern who came along to chronicle the journey, waxes positively dithyrambic on this point. ". . .the overwhelming emotional presence of the African, the unified presence that had so shattered Jung's understanding of what it is like to be a European. For it still exists in the African villages: men and women still linked with nature and myth; natural artists making music and dance as a living reality, a way of life." In such a setting, Brook hoped, the group could begin "to grapple with the essential problem. How to make theatre absolutely and fundamentally necessary to people, as necessary as eating and sex?"

If, in fact, it had never before occurred to Brook and the members of his troupe that there are certain elementary differences between theatre and eating, then this trip through the Sahel should have been—to paraphrase their own jargon—a way of heightening their awareness, expanding the limits of their understanding, stretching. An audience which hasn't eaten in weeks isn't apt to respond with much enthusiasm to a group of well-nourished actors who are improvising with boxes and sticks, imitating bird calls, and experimenting with "the invention of a new language of sound," known as *Orghast*.

So one reads on, expecting that Brook will begin to re-examine his assumptions. Or that the members of the troupe will challenge him. The situation seems perfect for a sudden tragic illumination. At the very least it promises to raise crucial questions. In the midst of a disaster, what is the proper role for a performer? Is the first obligation of an artist always to himself and to his medium? Is there a dramatic form which would have satisfied the real—and felt—needs of the desert tribes Brook encountered? Granted that human beings experience a variety of hungers, is it sensible (logical? moral?) to give precedence to aesthetic and mythic cravings?

But these questions seem never to have come up; reality rarely intruded. Snug in their carapaces of self-absorption, the actors drifted through the Sahel eating Rice Krispies, chanting an ancient Japanese song, doing T'ai Chi exercises, debating vegetarianism, and working toward a philosophical definition of a sandwich. Carrying reserve supplies of 200 gallons of water and 700 gallons of gas—the fuel consumed on the trip was enough to run an average family car for eighteen years—Peter Brook continually exhorted the actors to take more risks in their performances, to strive for a greater sense of urgency and danger. But they were blissfully safe. The real urgency and dangers—those brought on by the famine—scarcely touched them, and despite Brook's lectures about awareness and sensitivity, the cast remained indifferent, or appal-

Michael Mewshaw's fifth novel, Land Without Shadow, *is set in the Sahel and will be published next spring.*

CROWD OF ABSENCES

Ornate statues green-black with age,
their mouths water-spouts,
their poses a continuous flow like
the water in the basin and all
around them;

skies absorbed, mounted militia,
the closeness of lovers passing by:
the musings of ages collected
stir in those who stand there

and listen to the fountains rushing.
The idea of nothing need not
occur there, and if you are alone
it is quite another condition than

being alone in a crowd of
absences. What can they provide?
Nor can you by yourself replace
them.
Only an accumulation of lives

—in casts poured long ago,
in fields pondered for as many
lives—
can free the heavy need in you
for breaking out
to survey—expand expand—
and yield to song.

Arthur Gregor

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lingly dumb, to what was going on around them.

Of course none of this would necessarily have prevented a fine book from coming out of the experience. The material, rich in irony and dramatic incident, need not have been trivialized, just as the sophomoric solipsism of the actors need never have infected the author's perceptions. But John Heilpern seems incapable of distancing himself from the events or the people. Although he can occasionally observe the actors with comic detachment, he is reluctant to judge them, their talent, or the value of the tour. Perhaps he grew too close to them personally or was just too kind.

Toward Peter Brook he seldom shows less than an unqualified awe which apparently rendered his critical faculties impotent. While it can be assumed that the director of *Marat/Sade*, *Lord of the Flies* and *Moderato Cantabile* deserves respect and serious attention, there is no charitable explanation of Heilpern's dronelike commitment to record the man's every oracular pronouncement, no matter how dotty. And there is no justification for the gushiness of Heilpern's prose when he writes about Brook. "He became the 'Golden Boy' of theatre and now is considered the most challenging mind in it. Always with a Brook production there's a shimmering atmosphere: sense of the unexpected. People want to know what he's up to."

One doubts that people are quite as eager to know as Heilpern is. Or if they were, they may well reconsider their interest after reading a few dozen plot synopses and descriptions of the improvisations Brook put the troupe through. Here is a short extract from *The Ogre Show*.

> A box enters, breathes and makes sounds.
> Birds approach the breathing box.
> A spirit warns of evil.
> One bird, an idiot, ignores the spirit and opens the box.
> Ogre leaps out and kills. The ogre becomes a bird, eating the bird.
> And returns to the box.
> The ogre gives birth to a baby ogre.
> In time, the baby ogre gives birth to a baby ogre.

This sort of theatre is likely to make the *Gong Show* read like Shakespeare.

But at least Heilpern is quoting or paraphrasing when he synopsizes. Although he, along with Brook, decries the threadbare conventions and cliches of the theatre and claims "that language as we know it has lost its real vitality and meaning," he churns up gallons of turgid sludge when left on his own. "Always he watched Brook like a hawk." "At the drop of a hat he can play the hard director." ". . .several old friends turned up out of the blue." "Of all the peoples of Africa, the Peulhs are renowned as something very special." "Swados was grinning from ear to ear." "Maybe you can theorize about theatre until the cows come home." "Wild horses couldn't drag [Brook] onto a stage." "Africans laugh, and want to laugh, more than anyone alive."

Credit where it's due—Heilpern did realize in retrospect that the Sahel was about to suffer the worst drought and famine in its history. But for some reason he saw fit to insert this sliver of information right after a jejune comment about the size of one African's penis and just before yet another discussion of Peter Brook's compulsion for work.

After reading books they dislike, reviewers are often maddened into making apocalyptic generalizations about the avarice of publishers, the idiocy of authors, the obtuseness of artists, the gullibility of the public, and the decadence of the times and customs. But in this case it is sufficient simply to note that *Conference of the Birds* is a silly, slipshod, centerless book. □

Versions of Jones

KRIM

JAMES JONES: A Friendship. *By Willie Morris. Doubleday and Co. 138 pp. $8.95.*

Willie Morris has written a warm but overly clubby memoir of James Jones. Jones was a diamond in the rough who drew love from many sides, especially from men, and the fifteen-year-younger Morris was no exception. As a matter of fact, his comparative youth and hero-worship of Jones—whom he got to know well when the novelist and his family returned from Europe in the early 1970s and became his neighbors on eastern Long Island—makes this a genuinely starry-eyed performance; more suited to a literary fan magazine audience than the independent reader.

Krim has been working on a book called Chaos, *a "jazz meditation" on America.*

New Best-seller!

The Snow Leopard

by PETER MATTHIESSEN

"A book fiercely felt and magnificently written... The Snow Leopard is Matthiessen's attempt to stand altogether beyond modern time, and the extreme beauty of this radiant book lies in the fact that he fails." —TERRENCE DES PRES, *Washington Post Book World*

"Magnificent... a kind of lunar paradigm and map of the sacred for any man's journey." —JIM HARRISON, *The Nation*

"Extraordinarily rich... Powerful in its descriptions and arresting in its spiritual content." —*Horizon*

THE VIKING PRESS $12.95

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But it is not only Morris's sincere rapture at finding truth and rugged beauty in James Jones, his family, his friends and his work which is responsible for making this too sweet a package. Jones himself was to blame, even in the best sense. By this I mean that J.J. was a commanding presence among the male writers of his generation because of a powerful combination of elements rarely found together. He wrote about the most central masculine experience of his time, The Army and The War; he embodied what he wrote in his strong, wary, classically primary personality; and he earned a lot of money and ribbons along the way, while hanging on to his fundamental seriousness. The appeal of this combination went far beyond the writing and gave Jones among men of all sorts something of the charisma of a heavyweight boxing champion.

The complex element of buddyship among American men is something that Morris hardly tries to analyze in the book, but it was basic to all of Jones's writing. Morris himself ended up as the ultimate buddy—Jones: "Goddam, I love you Willy. You're my best friend." Morris: "I love you too. You're the best friend I ever had."—but no attempt is made to bring to light the seductive bisexual charm that Jones exercised without losing his gruff authority. Unlike Mailer and Hemingway before him among the *macho* war writers, Jones was not frightened by homosexual fears and could get a flustered rise out of would-be "real" men by saying (as he once did to this reviewer): "Haven't you ever had your cock sucked by a man?"

Willie Morris, I'm sorry to say, avoids most of this grit like a minister. The book is dedicated to the novelist's two children, and the idea is that their dad lived just about the best of all possible lives. Superlatives coat like olive oil the unadorned truth that James Jones was in business for. For example: Jones, according to Morris, "was profoundly cultured and sophisticated," although the fact is that despite fifteen years of expatriation in Paris the author could barely carry on a conversation in French.

His union to the "beautiful, busty" Gloria Mosolino "whose generosity and kindness were to be legendary" was "the best single marriage I have ever known," according to a friend of the family, approvingly quoted by Morris. The years they spent in Paris (1958-73) were the "Jones years," says Willie, "and there was not a single man of the prominent French writers whom the Joneses did not know," with Romain Gary and Francoise Sagan heading the list! Their house on the Ile St. Louis naturally had "the most spectacular view in all Paris."

Among Jones's tight circle of American friends, both in Paris and later on Long Island, there was no lessening of magic. These included Peter Matthiessen, "One of the country's finest writers of prose"; Irwin Shaw, "author of some of the finest short stories in the language and the best war novel of the European theatre"; William Styron, "one of America's greatest novelists . . . married to Rose Burgunder, a beautiful poet from Baltimore"; Jack Whitaker, the "gentle and learned" CBS sports commentator; John Knowles, the "gracious" and "memorable" author; and Truman Capote, who enjoyed talking to Jones and Willie in his "brilliant and affectionate" way, but apparently not about committing suicide, which he was to mention over TV when Willie Morris's sugary ear was asleep.

I don't mention this list of excesses to put Morris down, particularly, just to show that he determinedly looks on the glamour side of James Jones and his magic circle. He is a fan, and while that made him a passionate and enthusiastic editor when he brought *Harper's* magazine out of the dark ages in 1968-71, it doesn't follow that fandom will produce the most illuminating picture of a deceptively strange man like James Jones. It's true that Morris knew Jones best when he had already suffered his first heart attack and was much more mellowed out, on the surface, than when he had been in his aggressive prime. But nowhere in this litany of love and admiration do we get any of the unsparing punch that made Jones once say: "It's hate, envy and malice that drive the artist on. There are no nice writers."

In the chorus of praise that issues from this valentine only the wily Irwin Shaw manages to see Jones with some detachment. Shaw has a few quotes that clear the air of perfume and give us a better grasp of the clashes within Jones: "The fact that he never wholly learned French and had almost no French friends might be explained by his fear of losing his . . . Americanness." And again: "He lived extravagantly in Paris. . . . His liquor bills alone were shocking, but he was *constantly worried about money*. He was haunted by the fear of poverty and lived on a lordly scale."

Not profound, perhaps, but at least it helps smudge the rosy lens Morris fits over our eyes. Shaw reminds us that Jones enjoyed his celebrity and power almost like a tenement boy who has made it and wants to taste every bite. There was something big and flashy about his tastes—gambling, drinking, dining at the best places, hobnobbing with Frank Sinatra and Monty Clift, etc.—that was unashamedly rank. One thinks of Dreiser and even Mario Puzo, cutting a swath amid the bright lights of Broadway or Las Vegas. But beneath these trappings, Jones was private enough to be deeply disillusioned with the very materials of the world which he seemingly coveted. His last novel, *Whistle*, makes it clear that he could no longer see the purpose of life in our time. It is a grimly bitter book, the most hopeless he ever wrote.

The irony is that Willie Morris completed the last three chapters of *Whistle* after Jones died of heart failure in 1977, doing an excellent job of sticking absolutely to the author's fierce vision of human erosion. Yet in this lyric friendship the dark load of Jones's despair is buried out of sight. The very sweetness of Morris's approach, his public relations role however graceful, and his almost total identification with Jones—to the point of parroting J.J.'s conviction that the largely joyless *Some Came Running* was his greatest book, a neglected masterpiece like *Moby Dick*—probably satisfies Willie Morris's deep need to "do right" by his great buddy. But in doing right by Jones, he's not played square with us and perhaps even himself.

It comes down to this: Jim Jones wanted to be seen as nothing less than a great writer, and to do him justice his friends will have to "betray" their friendship enough to get tougher with him in print. Buddyship and sentiment can't be sufficient when the stakes are this high. And I say this as another man who admired Jones from here to eternity. □

The Classroom Revolution

ANNE NELSON

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION: A Yankee Teacher in the Cuban Schools. *By Jonathan Kozol. Delacorte Press. 245 pp. $9.95.*

A galvanizing year in Cuban history, 1961 witnessed counterrevolutionaries still hiding out in the mountains, sweeping down to attack isolated farms and schools. Huge numbers of the populace

Anne Nelson is a writer and musician now living in New York.

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were called to arms as the Bay of Pigs invasion was launched, and foiled. At the same time, there was a quieter event going on, one which the Cubans are just as quick to call heroic. The 1961 literacy campaign rallied 100,000 Cuban youth between the ages of 10 and 20, and sent them into the countryside to teach the illiterate. From an educational standpoint the campaign was a tremendous success. Cuba's rate of illiteracy, formerly about one of every four adults, dropped to one of the lowest in the hemisphere. But the Cubans point to an ideological victory as well. The privileged and the underprivileged were brought together in a bond of shared goals—the students through their experience of the lives and the work of the peasants, the peasants through their new-found skills—and this philosophy laid the groundwork for a total reworking of the educational system.

It was this story that inspired Jonathan Kozol to go to Cuba to write *Children of the Revolution*. His book retraces the campaign with the practiced eye of an educator, and then, startled and passionate, moves on to tell us how the society is building an educational system, how the education is creating society.

The Cubans, Kozol says, are eradicating class prejudice. They are imbuing a young citizenry with equal respect for farmer, industrial worker, doctor, professor. It is a country obsessed with education; he shows us bus riders consuming books in Havana, country people attending math classes after a day's labor in the fields, and an administrator who has no use for a revolution without Mozart. Kozol dutifully observes classroom techniques and notes textbook methodology, but as the book progresses he lets the Cubans speak for themselves more and more often.

Impartial observers are also aware of the reasons why the Cuban methodology has worked while others haven't. "None of it works," explained a North American observer of the UNESCO program, "unless it is allied with something else. That 'something else' is what they did in Cuba. It is the promise of a better life for every man and woman in the land—and parallel actions which confirm to the participants that this indeed will be the case."

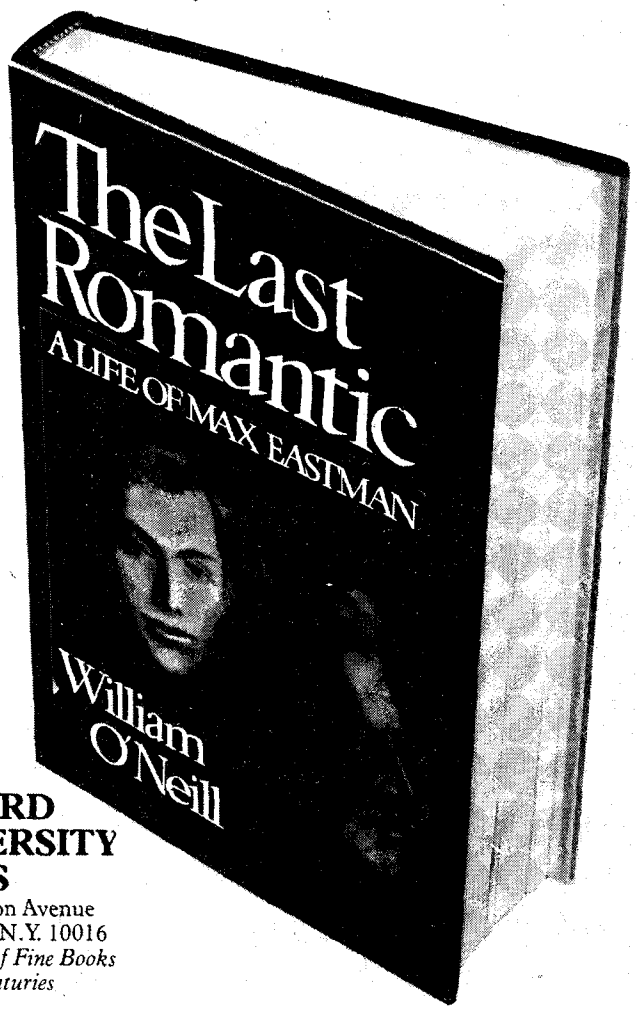
Kozol has already addressed our failure to fulfill this promise in *Death at an Early Age*, a searing study of Boston ghetto schools. *Children of the Revolution* is as enthusiastic as the earlier book was pessimistic, but Kozol is careful to show us that he is not being "set up" with pre-planned visits to model schools. His enthusiasm is a matter of both evidence and tone: when he begins a chapter, "Those who are resolved to find the flaw in Cuba's efforts to eradicate illiteracy (on the supposition that there *has* to be one)" . . .we are ready to follow.

Despite his enthusiasm, the book is no simple-minded apologia for Cuba, a genre that grows with each planeload of Berkeley Marxists to set down in Havana. For all his admiration for the goals of Cuban education, its politics can create a valuable tension in his thought. One senses his regret in an interchange with three schoolchildren when he can't persuade them that freedom of speech and freedom of the press are worthwhile. Are the "promise of a better life" and civil liberties mutually exclusive?

Kozol leaves a few more questions unasked. The students he describes are uniformly bright and committed. Surely "problem children" exist after the revolution, and it would be interesting to know how this exemplary system handles learning disabilities and disciplinary problems. Technical and trade education are slighted in favor of

American adventurer.

A master of the art of living, Max Eastman had many careers: defender of the Russian Revolution, leader of the anti-Stalinist left in the 1930s, conservative polemicist in the 1950s, poet, paramour, memoirist. William O'Neill's biography seeks to explain the dynamic behind Eastman's several transformations and to define his place in a turbulent chapter in the history of ideas. "A full and fascinating assessment."
—*Publishers Weekly* Illus., $14.95



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academic subjects, and one might question the advisability of overstaffing the Cuba of the future with doctors and engineers.

Children of the Revolution makes no claim to be encyclopedic; at the same time it makes a case for such a study. It is an intelligent, personal book, and Kozol is right in saying it is not for anyone with his mind made up about education, socialism or Cuba. The book was not written to convert, but it raises the right questions. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

The calm demeanor of Merce Cunningham dancers, and even of Merce Cunningham steps—with their meticulously controlled dimension, the sense they convey of the body going just so far at a particular moment—belie the vivacious pulse living within his dances. Cunningham dances spurt ahead and simmer down, coagulate and dissolve. The dancers move in a perpetual exchange between meditation and fuss. A watchfulness settles over them; you watch the dancers watching themselves. Then they shake themselves out of it, and that's when the dance gets red hot. In *Summerspace*, which Cunningham calls a lyric dance, the hotness gathers gently. It happens, for example, when a dancer adorns small, almost quizzical hops with finlike flickers of his arms. Unless the viewer is pricked by this deepening of the pulse, the life of *Summerspace* will drift by. It will feel bland, without current.

One reason why audiences have rightly designated *Sounddance* a smash hit is that, from beginning to end, it hovers around the bursting point. Everything about *Sounddance* is organized to convey the idea of a pressure cooker. The low-hanging grid of dull-colored drapes presses the dancing space down and inward. Into this incubator charge the dancers, the ferociousness of their entrances further charging the atmosphere. And there is the dynamic of the dance itself: an insistent, agitated throb. In terms of pulse, *Sounddance* is one of the most even-keeled dances Cunningham has made. It's also the hottest. Like the pressure cooker phenomenon it evokes, *Sounddance* intimates both violence and buoyancy. At some performances in January 1977, when the Cunningham company last performed complete ballets in New York, violence took over. One was assaulted by agitation and restlessness, the dancers' refusal, it seemed, to stay put. At the opening of a two-week Cunningham season at the City Center this September, *Sounddance* stunned one with its buoyancy. Compressed and implosive, it became a febrile version of the Balanchine/Tchaikovsky *Allegro Brilliante*.

Summerspace's prickly meanderings and *Sounddance*'s steady boil are two extremes of Cunningham pulse. Something that intrigues me about *Inlets*, new to New York this season, is that the pulse feels to be nonexistent. Instead, there are dead stops, when the dancers literally freeze. These recurring tableaux are beautiful and also odd, because they don't fall into counterpoint with any momentum. They do, however, draw one's attention to a large gray disc that is slowly traveling across the back of the stage. Perhaps this disc is a sunless sun. There are no shadows in the land of *Inlets* (hence no pulse?). Light is diffused and uncertain. The dance is performed behind a gray scrim. We see figments of bodies in gray-black, doing misty things. Chris Komar isn't misty, though; he keeps cranking to the side. The cranking motion, as well as its repetitiveness, encourages one to search elsewhere for more shape and more dynamics. But the only other sign of purpose comes from that round object just perceptibly imitating a planetary orbit.

At some point in this atemporal *Inlets* Cunningham and his lighting designer, Charles Atlas, stage a *coup de theatre*. The stage grows darker and mist begins to swirl on the face of the scrim. Light glimmers around the center of the stage and falls on Cunningham's face, which happens to be a map of wild and quiet times. Through the fog we see this face quickly rotating in stops and starts, momentarily fixating on each point of the compass. It's as though Cunningham's face were a map of the region as well as of his own life. On the other hand, he could be looking for the map that will get him out of the region. In this sequence *Inlets* is about dancers who cannot see, who barely know where they are. They don't seem perturbed, but the Cunningham face, their conscience perhaps, registers both inquisitiveness and panic. Much more of *Inlets* is about what you do when the weather is lousy in a nondescript way. You do . . . nothing much. Sometimes you do nothing but stay put.

There is a dreary loveliness about *Inlets*, and perhaps on more viewings the relationship between atmosphere and steps will seep in. On one viewing, Atlas's mist show and Morris Graves's moody sun supply the pulse. The image of Cunningham's face probing the darkness about him will stay with me forever. That's enough, maybe.

In *Exchange*, a world premiere, Cunningham cast himself as teacher. That he plays a character with a specific relationship to the other dancers is much more explicit in this ballet than in *Inlets*. But he doesn't leave an imprint on it, and us, as he does in *Inlets*. The *Exchange* dancers, having received the touch of the wand in the opening section, take off and over. *Exchange* is wide open—in step vocabulary, in tempo, in spatial arrangements, even in personnel. When you think you've settled into a four-couple dance, three more couples appear on the scene. Their emphatic stalkings introduce a whole new mode of movement just when you think you've seen it all. It's hard to think of another Cunningham dance that engages the body in so many different kinds of movement. There are marches and gymnastic games and slow, electrically charged adagios where women's legs encircle men like sable coats. There are treading passages, where erect bodies nevertheless seem flat-

LAUGHTER

One night my father yanked a tablecloth
from under my face & plates spun like meteors
as he wrapped it over his shoulders & his bald head lit up
like a pumpkin as he waltzed my mother round our crooked house
& tears soaked my collar & my stomach jumped into my mouth
as they flew chair over sofa & the world was a moment so full of us
I think of the Samurai playing with a daisy as he waits for his enemy
& only the daisy & the bright summer sun in his smile & I ask you
if at a time like this you would wonder if there was a beginning or end
with angels gathering on the roof to hear such loud tearing
at the fiery curtain of human delight.

Philip Schultz

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tened lengthwise along the floor. And then there are moments when the weight of the dancers, actually battened to the floor in deep knee bends, shimmy upward and curl out. Even the contraction, from Cunningham's point of view infamously associated with Graham, is used importantly here. More off-limits than the contraction are those taffy-pulled torsos of which ersatz ballet choreographers are so fond. Cunningham uses them too, and for once they look playful instead of obscene.

Exchange justifies one's (Cunningham's) belief in the notion of possibility and illustrates how experimentation, a corollary to such a belief, may be firmly fixed at any given second. Every motion of *Exchange* is rooted and full-bodied. Progression from one kind of motion to another is more orderly than one anticipates from Cunningham. Relatively few private conversations are going on, relatively little counterpoint. Pulse, as erratic as in a typical Cunningham dance, nevertheless accumulates in blocks of variety. Except for a messy fade-out ending, which seems to catch the dancers at the beginning of a rehearsal break, *Exchange* is a tight ship. Its tidiness might be a necessary concession to its roving language. It might be a reflection of the way Cunningham conducts class.

Cunningham has presented himself as teacher in several ballets, sometimes as taskmaster, sometimes as measurer. In *Squaregame*, part of the current repertory, he switches among personae: part Peeping Tom; part obstacle course; part unruly prop, when he becomes an unwilling duffle bag; and part tender cavalier, when he shadows either Catherine Kerr or Karole Armitage. In *Rebus*, also in current repertory, he's a rapscallion teacher. At the beginning of *Exchange* he presents himself as a body to be imitated and a body to be used. As the curtain rises he is standing in front of three men, all looking stern. He initiates a Germanic march and thus opens the dance. Once that's under way he strides to a tableau of four women, all waiting to be animated. He lies on the ground, inviting one of them to jump over his back. Quick as a cat he lifts his head, signaling another woman to jump into the empty space before he reclines again. So the notion of prowess, so central to all of *Exchange*, is introduced. Teacher as model is, of course, the traditional concept. We see it in his exchange with the men. Teacher as instigator of ideas, which we see in his game with the women, is a concept unique to Cunningham. And so is his use of the teacher role as a metaphor for choreography. Although *Exchange* gallops on to many other concerns, it cannot help being colored by the opening "class" section. The fact that Cunningham so blatantly presents himself as Dr. Coppelius in *Exchange*'s beginning makes his subsequent absence from the stage, or occasional participations as an equal member, all the more noticeable—and all the more generous. In *Exchange* we see him relinquishing the teacher-student plot as a device for choreographic organization, and we see him relinquishing his hold on the dancers' bodies as well.

The climax of *Exchange* occurs when Chris Komar and Robert Kovich spring into the air. They do so with crackling precision and a crackling snap of the body in midair, from full face to profile. Discipline and virtuosity are the legacies of Cunningham's teaching and the materials out of which he makes dances. □

FILMS & PLAYS

HAROLD CLURMAN

The pleasantest moment for me at the New York Film Festival was supplied by a two-sentence introductory address to *Like a Turtle on Its Back* by its French director Luc Beraud. "The subject of my picture," he said, "is a serious one which is very close to my heart. That is why I treated it as a comedy."

For six years a successful novelist has been plagued by a writing block. He is so frustrated by and ashamed of his impediment that he suffers impotence with his wife. Several casual affairs, undertaken for reassurance, are no help. His wife is tolerant of his literary and marital disabilities but throws him out when she discovers his infidelity. Rejected, lacking friends, he becomes embroiled in a number of tough misadventures: he is mugged, beaten up by the police, and obliged to share a hotel room with a black drug addict who happens to be a nice guy. These dangerous experiences bring the novelist to his senses. He finishes and publishes a book called *The Chamberman*, a reference to his black roommate. Moral: to avoid going stale, an artist must escape the routine of his trade.

Like a Turtle on Its Back is not an important picture but it is entertaining, especially in the midst of so many of the Festival's arty-pretentious entries. I was also pleased to observe that the actor who played the novelist looked like a nondescript shopkeeper rather than an imposing somebody. If the picture made me "think" in any serious sense, it was only to deplore the fact that too many people professionally engaged in the arts feel that they are bound to do so when they have no more to say. Art practiced as a job can become as humdrum as any other.

Chabrol's latest film, *Violette*, is based on the sensational Violette Noziere case of 1933, which became a trumpeted issue, not only among the common folk but among Parisian intellectuals and poets. The 18-year-old Violette, whose father was a railroad engineer, practiced prostitution out of boredom with lower-middle-class life and to earn enough money to buy herself pretty things. When she contracted syphilis, she tried to convince her parents it was hereditary. She became enamored of a lowlife whom she virtually supported by thieving from her parents. To inherit the dowry she was promised, so that she might run off to California (the glamorous!) with her love, she poisons her father and mother. The latter survives—first to accuse her and then to defend her.

Violette was sentenced to the guillotine, a penalty commuted to life imprisonment. She was released after twelve years, she married a clerk, had five children, and lived as a respectable woman. Before her death in 1963, full civil rights had been restored to her.

Certainly a fascinating "incident" and subject for psychological and social exploration. But apart from the interest in the material itself and the (all too smooth) technical skill with which it is handled, Chabrol has not done much with it. We are not made to understand why the Noziere woman was regarded by the Surrealists as "a symbol of freedom from bourgeois order" and can only surmise why such people as Louis Aragon and Simone de Beauvoir chose to become her champions.

The picture's main attraction is the beautiful and very talented Isabelle Huppert. She is a woman of many faces—all of them seductive. French films have produced none more radiant since Catherine Deneuve (a classic beauty, but hardly a superior player) and Dominique Sanda, who has not been outstanding since she appeared in Bertolucci's *The Conformist*. Huppert was entrancing in *The Lacemaker*, an image of purity betrayed; as Violette she is gorgeously ambiguous. One

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cannot stop looking at her, but one very much doubts that the Noziere woman bore any resemblance to Huppert's perfectly unmarked countenance.

If you like a bang-up thriller with detective story trimmings, you may enjoy *The Crucifer of Blood*, written and directed by Paul Giovanni (Helen Hayes Theatre). But nowadays, since the media hourly report horrors and the films exploit them with stupendous industry, it is hard to take them the least bit seriously on the stage. *Dracula* is a joke and *The Crucifer of Blood* hardly less so. You pretend to be scared and you laugh. I was not at all scared and from time to time chuckled.

Sherlock Holmes is involved in this exhibit and there is some mild jesting at the manners and supposed speech of his day. That gives the show its "sophisticated" touch. There are some bright stage effects—tricks which, peculiarly enough, are more striking when performed in our presence than if they were filmed. Paxton Whitehead is expert as Sherlock Holmes, Edward Zang is amusing as a dumb detective and Glenn Close is lusciously handsome in what for me was the eye-opener of the evening, a splendid scarlet gown designed by Ann Roth.

Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, who like to write plays about such people as Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan *(Inherit the Wind)* and Thoreau (*The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail)* and Harry Golden (*Only in America*), not to speak of one about Evita Peron, are now represented at the Majestic Theatre (for a limited run) by *First Monday in October*. The subject is nothing less than the conjectural one of the first woman appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court.

A nice conceit, and all very affable. The trouble is that, except for several pleasantries, little is made of the opportunity. The new Justice might as well have been another man. She contends with a senior colleague: in one case she favors the suppression of a pornographic film, while he considers such an act a violation of the First Amendment. In a second case (not altogether clear to me) she defends big business monopoly and he opposes it. In both cases, the arguments advanced struck me as on the level of a college debate.

Henry Fonda is, as usual, most sympathetic as the Justice his female opponent calls "conservative," though his positions are surely more "radical" than hers. Anyhow, Fonda is and always must be our liberal for stage and screen. Jane Alexander is an excellent actress, though her tone and essential quality have about them something, even when manifested most discreetly or held in check, so palpitant that I could hardly feel her properly placed among the stringently august-by-custom-and-show of the Supreme Court. She was more memorable in *The Great White Hope*, *Find Your Way Home* and *The Heiress*. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Three years ago in *The Nation* (May 24, 1975) I reviewed briefly an exhibition, "Subjects of the Artist," at the Downtown Branch of the Whitney Museum. Like all the shows there, it was arranged by students in the museum's Independent Study Program. The program has a low budget which does not permit large catalogues, so in lieu of a catalogue text the main organizers of the show, Robert Carleton Hobbs and Barbara Cavaliere, later published an article, "Against a Newer Laocoon," in *Arts Magazine* (April 1977). The show is now back under a new name, "Abstract Expressionism: the Formative Years," at the *uptown* Whitney Museum (until December 3). Immensely expanded in size and with a solid catalogue, it was organized by Hobbs at the Herbert F. Johnson Museum of Art, Cornell University, joined by Gail Levin from the Whitney.

The title of the *Arts* piece declares its opposition to an early article by Clement Greenberg, "Towards a Newer Laocoon," in which he argued that "purity in art consists in the acceptance, willing acceptance, of the limitations of the medium of the specific art." The theory of the absolute separation of the arts, proposed by Lessing in his *Laokoon*, 1766, as applied to abstract art by Greenberg, has had the effect of emphasizing formal properties at the expense of subject matter. The title of the original downtown Whitney exhibition was taken from the name of an art school run by several of the Abstract Expressionists in the late 1940s. The words "Subjects of the Artist" affirm the semantic and referential properties of art, just those qualities neglected by formally oriented criticism.

"Abstract Expressionism: the Formative Years" is a purposeful survey of the first seven years of the 1940s, inspecting the work of artists later identified as Abstract Expressionists. It is rich in revisionist implications as it tests the rationalizations of later opinion against the presence and the interconnections of the works of art themselves. Here are Robert Motherwell before the "Elegies to the Spanish

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Republic," Barnett Newman before his edge-to-edge forms, Jackson Pollock before the drip paintings and Mark Rothko before his soft slabs of color. Here too are Willem de Kooning, Arshile Gorky, Adolph Gottlieb and Hans Hofmann, already in possession of the styles by which we still recognize them. The slow starters and the quick ones are interestingly mingled, with shared characteristics emerging.

The artists had in common a high level of information-sharing, combined with a desire to synthesize the separate styles of earlier 20th-century—that is, European—art. The unconscious as a source of subject matter, and the painterly mode as a way of expressing it, underlie much of this art and it is made the subject of an exhibition for the first time. The American coonskinner and the European redcoat, of Harold Rosenberg's typology, turn out to be parts of a more complex interchange than that of New World versus the Old. The show reveals the European sources in the course of transformation into usable American forms.

For example, the importance of the *personnage* at this time is apparent, the Surrealist concept of a human presence or contour that suggests desire or fear, clan totem or personal dream. It stresses the mythic possibilities of the human image. Hofmann, Motherwell and Pollock all draw on the extra-human resources of the *personnage*: Hofmann in "Ecstasy," Pollock in "Moon Woman" and Motherwell in "The Homely Protestant." These are artists one would not connect on a stylistic or social basis (they belonged to different sub-groups in the art world). As this exhibition shows, Hofmann's *personnages* are more germane to the course of his development than his drip paintings which anticipate, but accidentally, Pollock's use of thrown paint. Biomorphic imagery has been recognized as a part of New York art in the '40s, but is shown here with singular precision. Gottlieb and de Kooning, for example, frequently use teeth to animate forms disquietingly, and Gottlieb shares with Baziotes a propensity to elaborate images derived from the eye. Teeth and eyes are, of course, parts of the physical body with strong sexual associations, so here are links to the concept of the *personnage*. Such crossovers and interconnections bind the exhibition together absorbingly.

The scale of the paintings, except for Richard Pousette Dart's, is small: color as a rule is as varied and graduated as in a School of Paris easel painting, rather than dilated and spectrally close as in later Abstract Expressionism. This suggests that the athletic *gesture* of American art may be extrapolated from the sensuous *touch* of French painting, and is not necessarily an indigenous American way with paint, as has been proposed. Many of the works in the exhibition intimate a desire to reconcile the mysteries of Surrealism with the pleasures of painting. Agreeable painterliness is unexpectedly prevalent alongside nature-oriented organic imagery.

The catalogue is a mine of information and a convincing refutation of the breakthrough theory that Abstract Expressionism suddenly appeared, the work of new men. Their origins and continuities are precisely demonstrated. But Hobbs, not content with a revisionary, non-Greenbergian view of the 1940s, has felt he ought to come up with a unifying theory of his own. I can see the temptation, but doubt the necessity to succumb to it. He proposes the notion of "peripheral vision" to explain the subjectivity, evocativeness and space of Abstract Expressionism. In allover, densely textured paintings, says Hobbs, the viewer's attention moves from point to point, a restless eye movement that induces a sense of half-formed images locked in the paint. Hobbs attributes peripheral effects to big pictures too: he says that when a large painting is viewed close up the vantage point preferred by most of the artists, "the total view is out of focus."

The fact is our eyes scan allover paintings or classically composed ones in the same ocular pattern, just as we read happy and sad books with the same eye motions. Thus the first sense of peripheral vision is thrown into doubt, unless it is agreed that it may also occur when we look at, say, the work of Nicolas Poussin. The second sense deals with immersion in color (stepping close to large areas of monochrome hue), which is surely the reverse of peripheral vision. Peripheral vision, since the writings of Anton Ehrenzweig, has usually been associated with projections of the unconscious mind. In accord with this usage, Hobbs identifies peripheral vision with "the twilight of reason," but it is a shaky idea, far short of comprehensive. He is dealing with an unorganized generation; the artists had predispositions but no program, as Hobbs knows very well. Why should he not accept Abstract Expressionist subjectivity as a fact and give up the desire for a simple unity? Releasing the artists from the tyranny of later interpretation, showing their early work with its fundamental romantic significations, is the real achievement of this remarkable exhibition. □

Indigenous Music

NAT HENTOFF

In the jazz clubs of yore, the more experienced listeners dreaded two things above all. A square singer who thought all you had to do to sing jazz was bend your knees. And a drum solo. I have seen a lot of booze consumed to deaden the crashes during long drum solos. And I certainly include Gene Krupa's hyperkinetic soliloquies. Krupa was a pleasant man, but somehow he confused the idea of swinging with second-degree assault on the skins to the accompaniment of twitching grimaces.

There were a very few drummers, however, whose solos were actually, and eagerly, anticipated. Big Sid Catlett, for instance, who once said accurately, "I can swing seventeen men with one wire brush and a phone book." He was a most subtle man, operating with enormous economy and a lively wit. He played with time as if it were a child, and often the accents he kept shading and interweaving into the kaleidoscope of his textures became so soft that you had to lean toward him, as if he were whispering.

Another master of *musical* drum solos was—and still is—Jo Jones, long with Count Basie and often referred to as "the man who plays like the wind." If Big Sid Catlett was akin to Alec Guinness, Jo Jones resembled Laurence Olivier. Protean, given to a certain amount of bounding, and so full of *presence* that he dominated the room even during his artful silences. Jones was a virtuoso of the lithely unexpected. He almost never played loud. His power was in the leaps of his imagination: the patterns and colors he kept juggling, smiling all the while like the Cheshire cat. Some nights, I have seen him leave his sticks and cymbals and play a long, swift solo with just his hands—on tables, on the walls, on any surface within his gliding reach.

Neither Catlett nor Jones nor any of those few vintage melodists of percussions ever made a solo album. Solo albums on any instrument are of comparatively recent custom. And even so, the notion of two sides of an album devoted entirely to drums—

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without an accompanying videodisc—is more than most labels can bear contemplating. Who would buy it, except drum students? Or someone at war with his neighbor. However, there finally is a set devoted entirely to just one drummer. But he does not confine himself to drums. The other instruments include: congas, gongs, ballophone, whistles, flutes, brake drums, log drums, shekere, bike horns, bells, hubkaphone, bendir, bongos, kalimba, cymbals and voice.

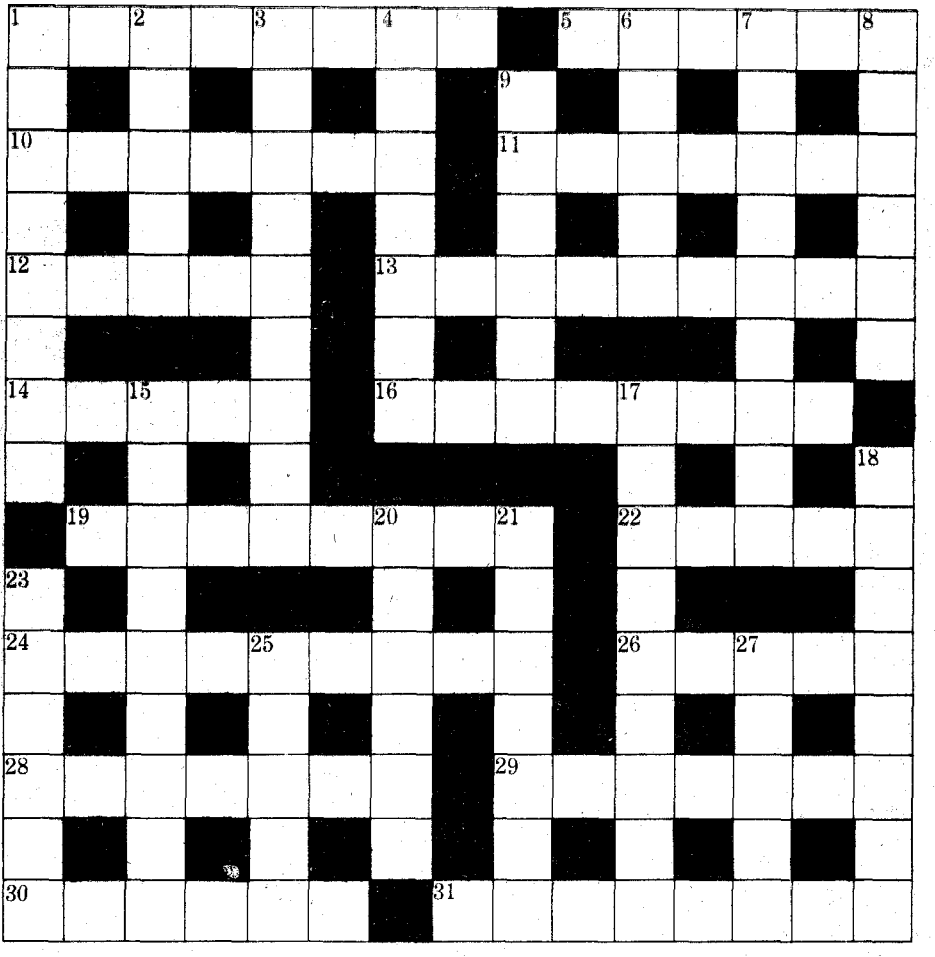
The result is ceaselessly absorbing in terms of both the astonishingly cohesive, complex structures and the sheer visceral delight in the polyphony of sounds and rhythms. This quite daring percussionist is Don Moye, who has worked with, among others, Gato Barbieri, the Art Ensemble of Chicago and Chico Freeman. Titled *Famoudou Don Moye—Sun Percussion / Volume One*, the set is on AECO Records, c/o Don Moye, 5322 S. Drexel, Chicago, Ill. 60615. (AECO is the label of the Art Ensemble of Chicago: "Great Black Music/Ancient to the Future.")

There are so many simultaneous layers of playing that it may be hard to believe there has been no overdubbing anywhere in the album. (Moye did it all—all at once.) I can testify to the plausibility of this phenomenon, having walked into a recent Chico Freeman performance at a small Greenwich Village club, to be startled by hearing what was surely at least a six-man percussion section. I looked at the stand, and there, all by himself in the back of the group, was Moye. He is able to sound as if he were an octopus because of the extraordinarily independent coordination of his hands, feet and head. There may be drummers elsewhere in the world with such concentrated physical control, but I know of no American percussionist who stretches his capacities as far as Mr. Moye.

On stand, he wears African facial paint and clothes, and his music, as annotator Stanley Crouch points out, "is a sophisticated synthesis of ancient African percussive sounds, rhythms and variations" with much else that Moye has absorbed in his travels and in his work with the Chicago-based Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. The latter, a musicians' cooperative, teaches its members the African roots of black American music. And Moye is surely one of AACM's more compelling avatars, opening for Western listeners whole new dimensions, some of them rather mysterious, of rhythmic possibilities. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1746

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 5 Injunction to the subject, perhaps, of what amateur naturalists might encourage their children to do. (5,3,6)
10 A stalk of grass is about the total picked up again. (7)
11 Flatter in the most sincere way, as they say. (7)
12 Put forth foliage, or quit! (5)
13 The second of the Great ones. (4,5)
14 This writer was a real Bohemian. (5)
16 What are people such as this like? One has his doubts! (8)
19 What they did when they needed transportation? (They often have lots!) (4,4)
22 It might keep one from getting hit—or it might not! (5)
24 The rich sort is confused with 12 in the old nobility. (9)
26 It takes a lot of these to represent a minute collection of parasites. (5)
28 Groups of fighting ships, typified by the one Drake fought. (7)
29 It shows rank distinction. (7)
30 and 31 Possibly no more dirt, once this was officially enunciated. (6,8)

DOWN

1 and 23 A talisman should. (4,4,1,5)
2 An inventor of tales, perhaps. (5)
3 and 9 Possibly a red indicator for the sort of driver associated with a grain-cutting implement. (6,3,6)
4 The play might be announced in them. (7)
6 A noted wild rose was. (5)
7 Sports vehicle that seems to pull the runner. (4,5)
8 They go out on the stage. (6)
9 See 3 down
15 One's success might have a catch to it. (9)
17 Literary handling? (One might get better because of it, also.) (9)
18 Your being here suggests something for your birthday. (8)
20 It's mad! It's wild! It's in the middle! (6)
21 It's hot and dry, sir, and a little firm up and down. (7)
23 See 1 down
25 What you hear on TV sounds somewhat like a foreign farewell. (5)
27 A dog of Gaelic or Gipsy origin. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1745

ACROSS: 1 Quid pro quo; 6 Snub; 10 Entente; 11 Soluble; 12 Nags; 15 Fortune; 16 Equator; 17 Imputed; 20 and 24 The Man I Love; 22 Mouth organ; 23 Fret; 25 Nebulae; 26 Spondee; 27 Surd; 28 Stutterers. DOWN: 1 Queen of Diamonds; 2 Integer; 3 Pant; 4 Operose; 5 Upsurge; 7 Noblest; 8 Breadfruit trees; 9 Pleasures; 14 and 13 Quit while you're ahead; 18 Plumber; 19 Darkest; 20 Transit; 21 Abridge.

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